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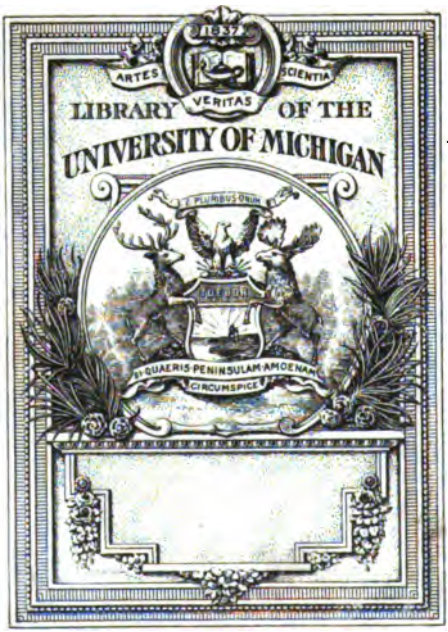

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CHARTERHOUSE

OLD AND NEW

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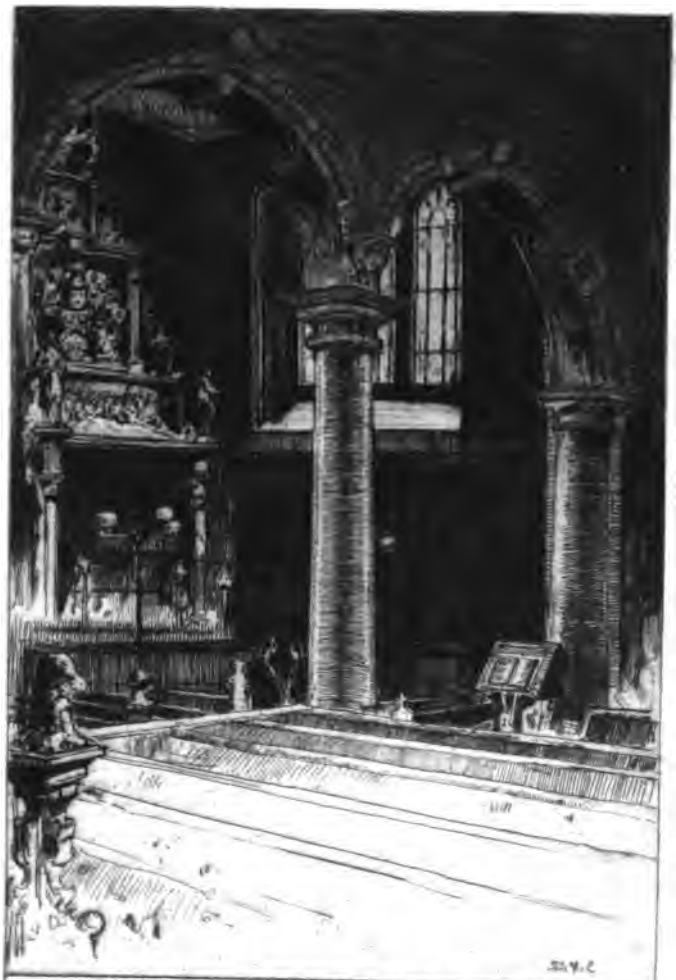

THE·CHAPEL·AND·FOUNDER'S·TOMB·CHARTERHOUSE·

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CHARTERHOUSE

OLD AND NEW

5-895-3

BY

E. P. EARDLEY-WILMOT

AND

E. C. STREATFEILD

WITH FOUR ORIGINAL ETCHINGS BY

D. Y. CAMERON, R.P.E.

LONDON
JOHN C. NIMMO
14, KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND
MDCCCXCV

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PREFACE

I AM indebted to the following works of past writers on the Charterhouse for certain portions of the monastic and historical allusions, namely :—

Philip Bearcroft—An Historical Account of T. Sutton and of his foundation in Charterhouse.

C. W. R.—Memorials of Charterhouse: a series of Original Views taken, and drawn on stone.

Samuel Herne—Domus Carthusiana, &c.

Robert Smythe—Historical Account of Charterhouse.

W. J. D. R.—Chronicles of Charterhouse.

To all those kind friends who have supplied me with information I tender my sincerest thanks and obligations.

E. P. E. W.

August, 1894.

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CHARTERHOUSE

OLD AND NEW

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

THERE are two reasons which incline me to write a Memoir of the Charterhouse as it existed as a London school prior to its removal to Godalming in Surrey. The first reason is a belief that, in spite of numerous assertions to the contrary, in spite even of sentimental Parliamentary protection, the old buildings in Charterhouse Square will eventually be compelled to bow before the exigencies of Time, and give place to the demands of Trade and Commerce ever creeping up about and around the ancient monastic walls. The second reason is a conviction that, as many other Public Schools have had their able Chroniclers and Annalists,

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there is enough interest in Charterhouse to make its reminiscences not only agreeable to old Carthusians, but also to many London people, who delight in the old historical places and institutions of this wonderful Metropolis. Being blessed with a good memory, I am enabled to reproduce much of the life and habits common to the alumni of the School, even after the lapse of several lustres, and while I am approaching middle age. If in the course of this Memoir I happen to say anything with which old Carthusians may not entirely agree, I entreat them to grant me indulgence, and to remember that we are not all fashioned alike, but are strangely diverse in mind, thought, and taste. Again, as it is impossible to write of a school like Charterhouse in the purely third person, I hope I may be excused for the constant recurrence of that intrusive little pronoun "I."

As far as my recollection goes, the inner life of Charterhouse has not been closely portrayed. Frequent and ample notice of its monastic and historical career has appeared at various times in the Press; but the public at large know little or nothing of its habit as it lived as a school in the

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very heart of noisy and busy London. True, Thackeray, in "The Newcomes" and "The English Humourists," has painted with sympathetic brush certain general features of the School; but its internal administration, its customs, and its daily scholastic existence have not yet been minutely depicted. Possibly a schoolboy's early life may have little interest in the eyes of the work-a-day world: it is so purely local, so completely embryonic; it may be solely endurable as a small portion of the biography of a future celebrated man. If this be so, a Memoir like the present can only find favour with old and present Carthusians; but I trust to be able to introduce matter which, if neither very instructive nor very amusing, may yet bear perusal by a small circle of outside readers.

Two facts regarding Charterhouse have amused me greatly in after-life—first, the ignorance of its locality; secondly, the queer notions of its size which strangers have exhibited when alluding to the School in conversation. Where is Charterhouse? Isn't it near Holborn? Wasn't it a fearfully poky place? Shockingly unhealthy,

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eh? Questions of this nature were the rule, not the exception. They may be answered categorically now. Charterhouse is certainly not a mile distant from Holborn Hill; though, for topographical purposes, it may be said to be nearer either Smithfield or Aldersgate Street. Of course, the definition of this site applies to the former rather than to the present state of things, that is to say, before the wondrous metamorphosis took place by Snow Hill and Newgate Street. Down to the date of its departure into the country, it may be described as having lain between Wilderness Row and Charterhouse Square, on the north and south, and between Goswell Road and Clerkenwell, on the east and west. Poky it could never have been accounted, as the property covered a wide acreage, and consisted of spacious quadrangles, extensive greens, big gardens, and large open spaces. As to the sun, his glorious majesty did sometimes deign to lighten up the blackened walls, and when it did do so we paid it due homage; nevertheless, there was an ever-present feeling that it reached us by a stupendous effort, and not without a severe contention with layers and layers of fuliginous atmosphere.

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Strangest circumstance of all, Charterhouse was undeniably healthy. During my pupilage there, a period extending over seven years, I do not remember one death as having occurred among the boys during term time. Our infirmaries were singularly free from infectious ailments, and it was a very rare thing indeed for more than three boys to be laid up in them at a time with even insignificant and minor complaints. An isolated case of scarlatina, now and then a case or two of mumps, catarrh, rheumatism, and biliousness, were the sole illnesses which troubled us in those pre-rural days of the School's existence. The old Codds, as the Pensioners were called, used certainly to die off alarmingly in the winter months, but the mortality was due to their extreme old age rather than to the insalubrity of the place. Why Charterhouse was so healthy it would be difficult to say. There might have been virtue in the soil on which it stood, there might have been virtue in the presence of the numerous plane-trees which were dotted over the estate; but this fact remained, that though built over a quondam plague-pit, and in the very midst of

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factory smoke and grit, it was unmistakably healthy. Two deaths, which will be referred to later on in this Memoir, occurred in the executive staff of the School when I was there; but they occurred in the natural course of things, and might have easily happened elsewhere. They were the death of the Head Master, Dr. Elder, and the death of the Gownboy Matron, Mrs. Jeffkins, a lady more than seventy years of age. With these few introductory remarks let me now pass on to the general history of the School.

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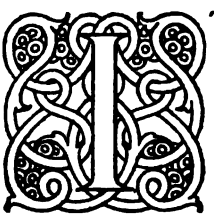
CHAPTER II

CHARTERHOUSE AS A MONASTERY



T is both curious and instructive, partly by imagination and partly by archæological research, to picture the aspect of London at the time of the foundation of monastic Charterhouse in 1371. At this date London was Norman London, and, as Leigh Hunt remarks in his "Town," Norman London was Saxon and Roman London, greatly improved, thickened with many houses, adorned with palaces of princes and princely bishops, sounding with minstrelsy, and glittering with the gorgeous pastimes of knighthood. The friar then walked the streets in his cowl, and the knights rode with trumpets in gaudy colours to their tournaments in Smithfield. London is conjectured to have then been about one mile long and half a mile wide.

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Charterhouse therefore stood well out in the country, and was surrounded by fields, hills, wells, and brooks, the names of Smithfield, Moorfields, Snow Hill, Clerkenwell, Walbrook, and Holborn testifying thereto. As brick houses were not in vogue until the time of Edward the Fourth, we can imagine that at no great distance from the Monastery's walls stood houses built of wood, and roofed with straw, and possibly even a few hovels constructed of reeds. The Charterhouse in London dates from the appearance of that fearful pestilence called the Black Death. So dreadful was the mortality caused by the plague, so inadequate were the city churchyards to receive the dead, that Ralph Stratford, Bishop of London, purchased and consecrated three acres of land called Pardon Churchyard, site now covered by a portion of Wilderness Row, for the burial of persons who died from the scourge. Sir Walter Manny, a "most parfit knight," as the inimitable Chaucer would designate him, also bought a plot of land which was consecrated as an extra-mural burying-ground. It was situated in St. John Street, and called Spital Croft. It comprised 13 acres and 1 rod. Fifty thou-

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sand bodies were said to have been interred there. Antiquaries no doubt can lay their finger on the modern site of the Croft. Be this as it may, it cannot be far distant from what is now denominated Charterhouse Square. The following sentence in Latin records the existence of this burial-ground—"Regnante magna Pestilentia consecratum fuit hoc cœmeterium in quo et infra septa præsentis monasterii sepulta fuerunt mortuorum corpora plusquam quinquaginta millia præter alia multa abhinc usque ad præsens quorum animabus propitietur Deus. Amen." So vast was the superstition and so great the prejudice prevailing against the Hebrew race at that time, that the Jews were believed to have originated the pestilence, and 60,000 were reputed to have been burned alive at Charterhouse as a punishment. In remembering these perpetrations of bygone times, one can only repeat the significant line of the poetess, Mrs. Browning, in reference to nineteenth century barbarities—

Alas! great nations have great shames, I say.

When the plague abated, and there was no further use for the ground, Sir Walter Manny and Bishop Stratford's successor, Northborough,

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resolved to establish a Monastery, and selected the Carthusian Order, on account of the austerity of its discipline, and strict adherence to religious rules. The necessary charter was obtained, and a Monastery for twenty-four monks was duly founded. Neither founder lived to see the completion of the work. Bishop Northborough was carried away by the plague, leaving by will £2000 towards the building of the Monastery, besides divinity books, vestments, and holy vessels. Ten years afterwards, Sir Walter Manny died, and was buried in the choir of the newly consecrated church, in the presence of Edward the First and all the court.

In the "Survey of London," an admirable History of the topography, laws, and customs of ancient London, written by the eminent archæologist John Stowe, we have the following memorandum of the early celebrities buried in Charterhouse Chapel. "In this Charterhouse were the Monuments of Sir Walter Manny and Margaret, his wife, Marmaduke Lumley, Laurence Bromley, Knight, Sir Edward Hederset, Knight, Sir William Manny, Knight, Katharine, daughter of Sir W. Babington, Sir John Lenthaine, Sir

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Thomas Thwaites, Knight, Philip Morgan, Bishop of Ely, 1434."

"In the Cloister, Bartholomew Rede, Mayor of London, Sir John Popham, &c."

Whoever might have been the architect of monastic Charterhouse, this much is certain, that as far as good solid flint-work and substantial masonry are concerned the achievement was incomparable. Had it not been so, the entire blocks of buildings would inevitably have gone down before the devouring flames of the Great Fire of 1666.

The Carthusian Order dates from the eleventh century, and was originated by St. Bruno, preacher in the Church of St. Cunibert at Cologne, and a celebrated teacher in the schools of Rheims. Fancying a solitary and rigid life, this worthy individual, "vir eximius doctrinâ et religione," set off with Laudvinus, two Stephens, their chaplain Hugo, and two "laicks," Andrew and Gavinus, and travelled to Grenoble, where a former pupil, Bishop St. Hugh, showed him a spot among the Alps wherein he might establish his house. The site was a certain high mountain encompassed in a wild manner with

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woods and thickets. The ascent was so difficult that it was reckoned an emblem of the way to heaven. As soon as the travellers arrived there, Bruno exclaimed, "En vester hic locus!" Of course, prayers and pious interjections were at once entered into. This spot then became the first residence of the Carthusian Order, which was styled La Grande Chartreuse. It still flourishes as a Monastery, and can be visited by strangers going by railway either to Grenoble or Chambéry. It is one of the few monasteries which Republican France has permitted to remain. The French Government derives such a large profit from the yellow and green liqueurs manufactured by the monks that it has deemed it expedient to preserve this source of revenue. Though the Order still continues to be one of the most rigid, it is undeniably generous and hospitable to travellers anxious to inspect the seminary. They are allowed a visit of forty-eight hours' duration; and a night's lodging, supper, and breakfast (with Chartreuse *ad libitum*) are given for the modest sum of four francs. There still exists a stringent regulation, that no woman except

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a princess of the reigning house in France is admitted into the Monastery without a special licence from the Pope. George Sand, the celebrated novelist, is said to have endeavoured to gain admission with some friends, dressed, as it was often her custom to dress, in male attire; but the doorkeeper recognised her, and politely forbade her entrance with the words, "Pardon, Monsieur, les dames n'entrent pas." Queen Victoria, during a visit to Aix-les-Bains, has enjoyed with Eugénie, the ex-Empress of the French, the privilege of having been allowed to go over the Monastery.

Many monarchs have bestowed their favours on La Grande Chartreuse. Edward III. helped to restore the church in 1371, and Henry II. and Richard I. assigned a perpetual income to the Monastery.

The library contains about 8000 volumes more or less on the subject of theology; but the Carthusian manuscripts have been placed in the town library of Grenoble. The archives, however, have either been dispersed or destroyed. Among them were some exceedingly valuable historical documents, including a record of all

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the Carthusian monasteries in the world, in eighteen folio volumes.

The cemetery, where so many generations of Carthusians once lay buried, is situated within the Monastery, but, strange to relate, it is of small dimensions. The chief reason of this is because the monks are not consigned to coffins when they die, but are laid in the earth with merely a white robe over them. A wooden cross destitute of inscription marks the resting-place of the ordinary monks; a stone cross, that of the generals of the Order. Doubtless the Carthusian cemetery is subject to the rules of other French cemeteries, and every period of twenty years is dug up for the removal of the bones of the dead, to make room for fresh bodies.

When Bruno died, all kinds of miracles were said to have occurred. One prodigy was the appearance of a medicinal spring in the vicinity of the monk's grave. It was supposed to cure all distempers. Other miracles of the most portentous description were seen. Some created terrific consternation among the monks. Of course, the "grizzly terror," as Milton calls his Satanic Majesty, widely entered into the narratives. To

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read an account of these miracles in mediæval Latin is enough to give one brain fever for a year.

It was not until nearly a century had elapsed since the foundation of La Grande Chartreuse that a Carthusian monastery was established in England. By A.D. 1520, however, nine houses had been founded. These were—

1. Monastery at Witham, Somersetshire, founded in 1181.

2. At Henton, Wiltshire.

3. La salutation mère Dieu. This was London Charterhouse.

4. Fair Valley, Nottinghamshire, founded by Edward III. in 1343.

5. Kingston-upon-Hull, founded in 1378.

6. St. Anne, near Coventry, founded by Richard II. in 1381.

7. Mount Grace, Yorkshire.

8. At Eppeworth, in Lincolnshire.

9. At Sheen, Surrey, in 1514.

Most authorities derive the word Carthusian from *caro tusa.* It was anciently written Cartuse. The habit of a Carthusian monk was a white loose coat and white cowl. When they went out they wore a cope of black stuff. Their number

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in a monastery was thirteen, significative of the number of our Lord and the Twelve Apostles.

The Carthusian monks did not live *en masse*. Each had a separate cell, where he prayed, and worked, and ate. Their meals, consisting of bran bread, and fish only when given them as alms, were of the simplest kind, and, like angels' visits, few and far between. Thus nobody but a severely religious man and an ascetic could be induced to suffer such self-denial and physical privation. The monasteries never numbered more than two hundred, and their usual complement was twelve monks and a prior. The Carthusian was the most exemplary in conduct of all the religious Orders, escaping most of the complaints and innuendoes of its time. Sir Thomas More, the author of "Utopia," twice sought religious retreat in London Charterhouse.

When finished, the London Charterhouse was composed of a double Monastery of twenty-four monks and a prior, together with nearly an equal number of lay brothers. The monastic cells lined the chief cloister, and each cell consisted of a small two-storeyed house and a garden. Along the two sides of the garden

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ran a walk sheltered by a pent-roof. On the lower floor of the house the monk ate and slept; on the upper floor was a workshop; and adjoining was an oratory. A solid door opened out into the cloister from the cell. In the wall by the side of the door was a hatch opening into a narrow passage in the thickness of the wall. Through this passage the monk communicated with the lay brothers, who brought him his food, books, or any small article which he might require. To the south-west of the cells lay the prior's hall, the monks' refectory, kitchen, buttery, guest-chambers and lodgings for laymen coming into temporary retreat. Round a small oblong court, in later times called Wash House Court, were some buildings used for the menial purposes of the home. The monks' refectory was no doubt the room which in the days of the School served as a dining-hall for the Gownboys. It was a long dark room with three square windows, and four massive pillars supporting a low ceiling. It always reminded me of the lower deck of a man-of-war. In the walls of the great cloister could be seen in my time

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the marks of the cell doors. The passages, however, had been filled up with brick-work.

When learning revived in the fifteenth century, the Charterhouse monks devoted themselves to scholarship. Most of them copied manuscripts, some carved wood, and not a few studied medicine. One monk especially, named Andreas Boorde, so distinguished himself in physic that he was not only allowed to travel in pursuit of his study, but was ultimately permitted to leave the Monastery and set up as a doctor. He ineffectually attempted to establish the cultivation of rhubarb in England.

In time of dearth and famine Charterhouse was particularly generous; so much so that Henry the Eighth's minister Cromwell complained that although the annual income of the Monastery was £642, 4s., victuals were externally distributed every quarter to the extent of £658, 6s. 3d. Though the Carthusian monasteries were found in faultless condition throughout England, London Charterhouse was most cruelly treated. Prior Houghton, in company with the vicar of Isleworth and a monk named Reynolds, were hanged for refusing to acknowledge the King's supremacy.

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While proceeding from the Tower to Tyburn, the place of execution, they passed the dungeon where Sir Thomas More was confined. From a window he saw them pass, and Sir Thomas remarked to his daughter, who was standing near him, "Lo, dost thou not see, Megg, that these blessed Fathers be now as cheerful going to their deaths as bridegrooms to their marriage." The Prior's body was quartered, and one quarter was suspended over the inner gate of his own Monastery. Other monks shared the same fate. An attempt was then made to govern the Monastery without a prior, and most revolutionary rules followed. The inmates proved refractory, and at last the Charterhouse surrendered to the Crown. The remnant of the monks who had not suffered death on account of opposition went over to Flanders and settled at Bruges. On Queen Mary's accession they returned to England, and domiciled themselves at Sheen in Surrey. Queen Elizabeth, however, dispersed them, when they again took refuge in Flanders, and established themselves at Nieuport, remaining there as an Order till the end of the eighteenth century.

If the Monastery did nothing else for the future

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School, it did this: it left the most ghostly nooks and corners that could be possibly imagined. To come out of chapel on a Saturday night in winter, and proceed down Cloisters, was enough to turn a small boy's hair white. Imagination pictured the whole band of outraged and defunct monks rushing out upon the tremulous urchin, and suffocating him with their canvas robes and cowls. I verily believe that not a single Gown-boy below the under fifth form ever went by Middle Briers on such nights except at a vigorous trot. One upper-form boy with another boy standing on his shoulders, draped, as it seemed to me, in a long black gown, and wearing a kind of cowl over his head, once emerged from Middle Briers after chapel on a Saturday night in winter as I passed alone down cloisters; but I was equal to the occasion, hit the figure in the region of the diaphragm, and bolted for my dear life to the welcome sanctuary of my House. The perpetrator of this practical joke remained as enigmatical as the Cock Lane Ghost. It was only an upper-form boy who could have made himself so tall, for the figure nearly touched the roof of the cloister.

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CHAPTER III

HISTORICAL CHARTERHOUSE

AFTER the dissolution of the Monastery, Charterhouse remained unoccupied, though used as a storehouse for regal tents and pavilions, until 1545, when it was granted to Sir Edward North, a distinguished lawyer and a Privy Councillor. He pulled down the monks' cells and converted them into gardens; built many private rooms, and made considerable improvements. As he was one of the first to declare for Queen Mary, he was raised to the peerage with the title of Lord North. While Charterhouse was in his possession, Queen Elizabeth paid him a visit, and it was the first house in which she slept as Queen after leaving Hatfield. Her visit lasted five days, and three years later, when his lordship was in bad odour, she again held court

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there. The peer's son, Roger, sold part of the place to the Duke of Norfolk in 1565 for £2500, and from that time the present Howard House assumed shape. It was certainly a grand ducal residence. The presence chamber, which we used to call the Governors' Room, was a beautiful long room, surrounded by fine old tapestries, and possessing gilt cornices, mullioned windows, panelled walls, and elaborately painted ceiling. The room was reached by a wide oaken staircase with tastefully carved balustrades. An ante-chamber to the before-mentioned presence chamber was a cozy square room eminently fitted to be a library. We Gownboys sometimes regarded it as an inquisition chamber; for at the end of Oration Quarter all boys below a certain form were examined in it, and if they failed to quit themselves satisfactorily in classics were ignominiously dismissed from the Foundation. The Duke of Norfolk who purchased the Charterhouse was the son of the Earl of Surrey of Henry VIII.'s time. Four years after his purchase he was suspected of supporting the cause of Mary Queen of Scots (indeed of seeking to contract a marriage with the unfortunate Queen), was

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arrested on the grand staircase, and conveyed to the Tower. He was tried and executed in 1572. His eldest son fared almost as badly, for he too died in the Tower. Charterhouse then passed into the hands of Henry Howard, afterwards Earl of Northampton, who built the house at Charing Cross known first as Northampton and ultimately as Northumberland House. His nephew, Lord Thomas Howard, was in possession of Charterhouse at the end of Elizabeth's reign, Her Majesty being again entertained at the seat. The same owner received James I., who spent three nights there. Ancient records concerning the visit run thus: "He (James I.) passed through great concourse of people with shouts and cryes, and great casting up of hattes, and came in at the back side of the Charterhouse over the fields. Thither being come, he was most royally received and entertained by the Lord Thomas Howard. He lay there three nights with his Trayne, in which time the Lords of Counsell often resorted thither, and sate upon serious affairs."

Later in life Lord Thomas Howard built Audley End, and it was perhaps partly to obtain

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money enough to pay for that building that he sold the Charterhouse in 1611. Lord Bacon subsequently termed the estate "a building suitable for a Prince's habitation," and "as fit for a hospital as a rich embroidered cloak to a beggar." Sutton gave no less a sum than £13,000 for the House—a price which in those days was considered prodigious.

When the Protectorate was declared in England, Cromwell and his party became the governing party at Charterhouse. Lord Essex, Salisbury, Lisle, Oliver St. John, Sir W. Armyne, Sir H. Vane, Lenthal (the Speaker), Selden, Thurloe, Whitlock, Fairfax, and His Excellency Oliver Cromwell were the governors. It does not appear that His Excellency ever spoke in behalf of the Institution; but there is no doubt that he attended three or four of the meetings.

During the mastership of Mr. Beaumont the School in some way or other lost £8000, and in 1649 it was plundered of £1600.

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CHAPTER IV

SCHOLASTIC CHARTERHOUSE

THOMAS SUTTON, whom the antiquary John Stowe quaintly calls "the right Phœnix of Charity in our times," was born in 1531 at Knaith, Lincolnshire. His father was Edward Sutton, son of Thomas Sutton, servant to Edward the Fourth; and his mother was Jane Stapleton, of an old family of that name in Yorkshire. He was educated at Eton and Magdalene and Jesus Colleges, Cambridge. On leaving the university he travelled abroad to learn foreign languages, remaining half a year in Spain, two years in Italy, and one year in France. He was present at the sacking of Rome under the Duke of Bourbon. On his return to England he became secretary to the Earl of Warwick, and through his influence was appointed General of Ordnance at Berwick-

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on-Tweed. The representation of the cannons on the beautiful mantel-piece in the Pensioners' dining-hall at Charterhouse no doubt commemorated this fact in the Founder's life. When the rebellion of the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland broke out in the North of England he served in the expedition against them, and was chosen paymaster to the army. Probably, while stationed at Berwick, he witnessed the opening up of the rich mineral wealth of that portion of Great Britain. He embarked in coal-mining, and in little more than ten years had amassed so considerable a fortune that when he returned to London he was deemed one of the richest men in the Metropolis. Determined to increase his fortune, he commenced business as a foreign merchant, and planted agents wherever English ships traded. He furthermore contracted to victual the navy and garrisons in the Low Countries. The garrison of Ostend, which was besieged, he on one occasion gallantly relieved with the help of some Ostend fishermen. This event he subsequently memorialised by bequeathing £100 in his will to the aforesaid town. Conjointly with Lord Walsingham, he

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drained the Bank of Genoa of money when Philip of Spain looked to it for funds to defray the expenses of the Armada. During the invasion he equipped a barque, the *Sutton*, of 70 tons, manned her with thirty men, and himself took the command. He is said to have captured a Spanish ship with £20,000 in her. His riches at this time were considered to be enormous, and rumour had it that his income from the coal-mines was larger than Queen Elizabeth's income derived from the royal exchequer. In fact he became the banker of London. Everything which he touched seemed to turn into gold. It would have been contrary to human nature had he not had detractors in the height of such prosperity. One celebrated detractor was reported to be the great poet Ben Jonson, to whom he allowed a pension. The dramatist, however, disowned the handwriting which had turned the merchant into ridicule, and he submitted it to Sutton in vindication of himself. Sutton's estate was supposed to be £2000 per annum, all of which he seems to have laid out in the most exemplary manner. £1000 he designed for family expenses, £200 he gave to

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charity, £400 he expended on law and physic, and the rest he judiciously divided. In 1582 he married Mrs. Elizabeth Dudley, the widow of John Dudley, who was nearly related to the Earl of Warwick. He then resided at his house near Broken Wharf, in the City, between Trig Stairs and Queenhithe; but subsequently he lived at the Manor House at Newington. His other residence was at Castle Camps in Cambridgeshire. In 1590 his step-daughter married Mr. Francis Popham, son and heir to Lord Chief Justice Popham. She was much noticed by Queen Elizabeth, who, in one of her visits to Mrs. Dudley, took a jewel of great value from her hair and gave it to Miss Dudley. In Sutton's will the sum of £2000 was originally bequeathed to Queen Elizabeth; but as Her Majesty died before him the legacy was annulled.

After the dispersion of the Armada, and when England had settled down into comparative quietude, Sutton thought of utilising the immense sums of money which he had made. To this intent he meditated establishing a hospital at Hallingbury Boucher in Essex. After considerable trouble he went so far as to obtain a charter

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for it. Hearing, however, that Howard House might be bought, he entered into negotiations with the Duke of Norfolk, who owned it, and purchased it for five times as much as His Grace had given. He obtained the royal sanction for the foundation of a hospital, and on the 22nd of June 1611 took out the necessary letters patent. At the end of that year he died. Dr. Willet, a friend who lived at Barkway, and was much consulted by Sutton during his lifetime, advised him to be a benefactor to Chelsea College, a retreat for divines. Another acquaintance proposed that his money should be spent in digging a trench out of the Lea, and erecting engines and works for the conveyance of water by subterranean pipes into London and its suburbs. Dr. Willet would often say that Sutton's "thoughts had eaten his bowels, had he not unbosomed some of them to his friends." Owing to the impassable condition of the roads at the time of Sutton's death, his body, which had been embalmed by Edmond Phillips, an apothecary, who received £40, 4s. 8d. for the operation, could not be removed from Newington until the spring; moreover, as the chapel at Charterhouse

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was undergoing repairs, it was impossible to inter it immediately. The corpse, therefore, was temporarily lodged in the vaults of Christ Church, Newgate Street. When the proper time arrived, a grand funeral was accorded the Founder, and he was buried in Charterhouse with all due solemnity and honour. The preacher on the occasion was Mr. Percival Burrell, who took for his text, "He hath built us a synagogue" (Luke vii. 5). After the funeral, the nobility and gentry who formed part of the cortège assembled at Stationers' Hall, and indulged in a most magnificent repast. The funeral bakemeats were certainly excessively toothsome. Among other *recherché* dishes figured 12 godwits, 6 hearnshaws, 48 turkey chickens, 48 roasted chickens, 72 field pigeons, 36 quails, 4 congers, 10 turbots, 2 dories, 16 quince pies, 16 orange pies, 16 gooseberry tarts, 6 dishes of white leach (whatever that creature might be), &c. &c. It is to be hoped that the mourners reached home safely, and without the disagreeable consequences of dyspepsia.

At the back of the Gownboy pews a most costly and elaborate monument, containing a

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recumbent figure of Sutton, and having emblems of his charity towards the Hospitallers carved in wood engraved thereon, indicated the last resting-place of the merchant prince. On the monument are these words—

"SACRED TO THE GLORY OF GOD.

"In grateful memory of Thomas Sutton, Esq., late of Castle Camps, in the County of Cambridge, at whose only cost and charges this Hospital was founded and endowed with large possessions for the relief of poor men and children. He was born at Knaith, in the County of Lincoln, of worthy and honoured parentage. He lived to the age of seventy-nine years, and deceased December 12, 1611."

The inscription is in Old English, but for the sake of comprehension has been more intelligibly rendered into modern. The cost of the monument amounted to £366, 15s., and among the items for its erection were £20 for painting and gilding, £50 for working of the masonry in alabaster, £15 for three pictures of Faith, Hope, and Charity, £40 for eighty "foote of touch," £54 for "nine loade" of alabaster, at £6 a loade with the carriage. Thomas Sutton's character is delineated thus in past memoirs. His addresses were manly and taking, his

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discourse clear and full of eloquence; remarkable for compassion and relief he bestowed bounty on widows and children of good ministers; he was very temperate, sober, and vigilant.

His will was a most lengthy document, containing items of donations, both small and great, to all sorts and conditions of men. That portion of it which concerned the Charterhouse ran thus: "Also I give for and towards the building of mine intended Hospital, Chappel, and School House the sum of £5000 if I do not live to see it performed in my time." Date of will, 2nd November, 1611.*

A bust of Thomas Sutton, clothed in Elizabethan garb, used to adorn the hall in Gownboys. Our reverence for the benefactor, I am afraid, was not overwhelmingly profound. Was it because so many generations had passed away since his demise that our hero-worship had become undemonstrative? I cannot say. This I know: the philanthropic Tommy (by this irreverent prænomen would we flippantly style him) used often to be taken down from

* He also left £1000 for ten young city merchants to embark in business, and £500 to Magdalene College, Cambridge.

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his lofty eminence, washed, cleaned, and befittingly decked out on the 12th of December, Founder's Day.

After Sutton's death a determined attempt was made by his nephew, Simon Baxter, to nullify his bequests. Simon instituted a formidable law-suit, and Sir Francis Bacon, Solicitor-General, was engaged as his legal adviser. The cause was heard at Exchequer Chamber before Sir R. Hutton, Sir A. Nicholls, Sir J. Doderidge, Sir H. Winch, Sir E. Bromley, Sir J. Crooke, Sir James Altham, Sir G. Snig, Sir Peter Warberton, Sir Laurence Tunfield (Lord Chief Baron), Sir Edward Coke (Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas). It was decided in favour of the defendants, the Governors of the Hospital (with the great applause of all who heard it).

Bacon, whose conscience at no period of his life greatly afflicted him, wrote a letter to the King, showing how Sutton's funds might be otherwise expended, nay, even hinted to His Gracious Majesty that he might take the estate for his own use. The Trustees, however, determined to play a trump card. The King was under an obligation to spend £8000 in building

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a bridge over the Tweed at Berwick. They accordingly wrote to His Majesty offering to defray the charge of building the bridge, on the ground that "they could not discover any charitable work better for the commonwealth than the upholding, maintaining, and repairing of bridges." Five days afterwards Sir Edward Coke gave judgment in favour of Sutton's will, and a week afterwards the money was paid to the King.

The intention of the Hospital was to provide "an house or place of biding for the finding, sustentation, and relief of poor, aged, maimed, needy, or impotent people, and also one free school for the instructing, teaching, maintenance, and education of poor children or scholars." The Pensioners were to be "such as had been servants in the household of the King, either decrepit or old, captains either at sea or land, soldiers maimed or impotent, decayed merchants, men fallen into decay through shipwreck, casualty of fire, or such evil accident." The number was at an early date fixed at eighty, the age for admission at fifty, unless the candidate had been wounded on land or sea, when he might be admitted at forty. Each Pensioner was provided

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with a dinner daily in the Grand Hall, a daily allowance of bread and butter in his rooms, and a sum of money for other expenses. He was also furnished every two years with a black cloak to be worn in chapel and in going to hall. An early order decreed "none to wear any weapon, long hair, coloured boots, spurs, or coloured shoes, feathers in their hats, or ruffian-like apparel, but such as becomes hospital men to wear." As regards the School, there was a rule that "no children shall be placed in the School whose parents have any estate in land to leave them, but only the children of poor men that want means to bring them up."

The original number of boys on the Foundation was forty, and to these were added sixty Day Boys. These latter from the outset became a source of profit to the master, and they steadily increased until the early part of this nineteenth century, when they numbered 400. Subsequently the idea of admitting boarders after the manner of the older Public Schools was taken into consideration, Under Masters' houses were established, and the Day Boys gradually dwindled down to about thirty. In later times the Day

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Boys became the least popular part of the School.

Here is a slight description of the Charterhouse from John Evelyn's Diary, forty-six years after its foundation by Thomas Sutton, 21st April 1657: "Came Sir Thomas Hanmer, of Hanmer in Wales, to see me. I then waited on my Lord Hatton, with whom I dined. At my returne I stept into Bedlame, where I saw several poore, miserable creatures in chaines; one was mad with making verses." (Surely this unfortunate wight was a Carthusian schoolboy.) "I also visited the Charterhouse, formerly belonging to the Carthusians, now an old, neate, fresh, solitarie Colledge for decaied gentlemen. It has a grove, bowling-greene, garden, chapell, and a halle where they eat in common. I likewise saw Christ-church and Hospital, a very goodly Gotic building; the hall, school, and lodgings in greate order for bringing up many hundreds of poore children of both sexes: it is an exemplary charity."

It is curious that the celebrated diarist makes no mention of the scholastic portion of Charterhouse; he alludes to Christ's Hospital as a

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school, but omits Charterhouse. This omission may possibly be accounted for by the fact that Charterhouse in the time of John Evelyn was a day school. The boys may have been absent on a holiday, or probably the mighty Evelyn may have been so pressed for time during his round of sight-seeing that it was impossible for him to visit Bedlame, Charterhouse, and the Blue Coat School thoroughly in one day.

Perhaps in the whole of London there is not a more interesting spot than the Charterhouse. It has identified itself with its neighbourhood as closely as any of the other great Public Schools in England have identified themselves with theirs. As it is impossible to speak of Eton without its associations of the silvery Thames and Windsor's royal castle, of Winchester without her grassy hills and time-honoured cathedral, of Harrow without its picturesque hill and church, of Westminster without the grand old Abbey and adjacent Houses of Parliament, so it is impossible to speak of Charterhouse without recalling its proximity to the once famous Smithfield Bars, and the grim neighbourhood of Newgate Prison and the Old Bailey. To many the locality was quite

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as unknown as the kingdom of Barbary. Some people had a visionary notion that it was somewhere in the east of London, not far enough, perhaps, to be in the midst of green fields, or surrounded by detached clematis-grown villas, but still very distantly eastward. Others imagined it to be a species of St. Paul's School, fronting a busy thoroughfare, and having iron gratings suggestive of Pluto and the clanking of chains. A few pictured it a duplicate Christ's Hospital, where in a small quadrangle a bevy of pale-faced boys were for ever punting about a soddened football. Mothers of schoolable sons especially associated it with all that was grim, dreary, and unhealthy. They saw in their mind's eye tall smoke-begrimed buildings, low-roofed gloomy rooms, crumbling walls, chimney-pots as irregular and distorted as the cromlechs of Stonehenge, thoroughfares where the rumble of vehicles was unceasing, the tide of passengers inexhaustible, the play-grounds themselves Lilliputian, sterile, inexpressibly barren. It was not so to the initiated. In after years, whether in the tight little island, or thousands of miles away, the Charterhouse boy could call up to

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remembrance the spacious courts, the quaint quadrangles, the oaken halls, the tapestried chambers, the trim little gardens, the echoing cloisters, the ghostly staircases, the sparsely verdured greens, and the straggling plane-trees, which had been such a source of delight to him in his youth. So great and rapid must have been the change as the vast Metropolis opened out westwards, that the Charterhouse of Addison's time could have no more resembled the Charterhouse of Thackeray's than the Charterhouse of Thackeray's time could have resembled the Charterhouse of the period when it moved to Godalming. It seems almost beyond fancy's scope to realise it in its semi-rural state. As the visitor beheld it in the middle of this century, right in the heart of London, in the very centre of a thickly populated district, clouded over with dense wreaths of factory smoke, he can but dimly imagine the smiling fields and green hedge-rows which were not far distant from its gates. How almost ridiculous it seems to picture to ourselves the retiring Addison imbibing from the neighbouring scenery his classic draughts of purity and taste! And yet it was in those occasional rambles

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through the sunny corn-fields of Islington (antique Iseldon), and along the sedgy margin of the river Lea, that he engrafted himself with that delicate refinement of style which afterwards blossomed forth in all its fertile exuberance under the more liberal tuition of Magdalen's hallowed roof. I have often wondered to myself why in the exquisite numbers of the *Spectator* Addison neglected to record some of his experiences of the Charterhouse. Much in the same way as he talked of the tombs of Westminster Abbey could he have chatted of the cells of the Carthusian monks, or the tapestried chambers of the ducal House of Norfolk.

There were four Houses in the School—(1) Gownboys, or the Foundationers; (2) the Head Master's House, called Saunderites, after a former head master, Dean Saunders; (3) the Second Master's House, called Verites (Oliverites), after a quondam master, Oliver Walford; and (4) the Reader's House, called Dickenites, after the Reader the Reverend C. Dicken. "Day Boys," or the day scholars, formed a species of fifth House; but they identified themselves but little with the School, some boarding with a matron in Charter-

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house Square, whilst others came daily from their parents' homes.

The Gownboys, originally nominated by the Governors of Charterhouse, and numbering forty-four, were usually deemed the principal House. They formed the largest as regards accommodation, had superiority of numbers, and generally held their own both in studies and athletic exercises. Two scholars were elected to the Foundation from the outside Houses by competitive examination every year. They were called Elective Scholars, and at one time were debarred from the exclusive privilege of the nominated Gownboys, of delivering the Latin oration at the end of the Winter Quarter. This restriction, however, was very rightly removed about the year 1856. The Governors of the Charterhouse consisted of the Queen, two or three members of the Royal Family, and a number of the principal statesmen, lawyers, and divines of the time. The nominations to the Foundation came to them in their turn, as vacancies occurred; but, if my memory be correct, the Royal Family enjoyed two nominations to one of the rest of the Governors. They were a most coveted gift,

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as the following story will testify. A lady once came to the great Duke of Wellington to beseech him for his nomination. The Iron Duke was Prime Minister at the time. His Grace received her most courteously, spoke pleasantly to her for a few minutes, then suddenly froze her with the following sentence, "Madam, I don't think you quite realise for what you are applying. As you may suppose, I have thousands and thousands of applications for billets in the army and the offices of State; but I can assure you that they are not equal, either in number or importance, to the applications for nomination to the Charterhouse Foundation, and these give me more trouble and anxiety than anything else." The lady expressed surprise, and was about to leave in low spirits, when the Duke, who was kindness personified, gave her the parting assurance that he would do his best to procure a nomination for her. And procure a nomination he did, although after much trouble and interchange of patronage. The Gownboys cost their parents next to nothing for education. They were boarded and fed gratis, were partially clothed, and were given £100 down when they left School if they did

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not proceed to either Oxford or Cambridge; or an exhibition of £80 for three years and £100 for the fourth if they did. The clothing consisted of two black jackets, two pairs of black trousers, two pairs of shoes, and some rather coarsely materialed shirts. The Foundationers alone of the School wore a trencher and gown. Besides having the privilege of delivering a Latin oration on Founder's Day, the Gownboy Monitors alone were permitted to read prayers in Big School in the morning. They enjoyed, moreover, certain minor privileges, which at this lapse of time are somewhat difficult to remember. Their house accommodation consisted of two large halls called respectively Gownboy Hall and Writing School, several large dormitories, a lavatory called "Cocks," six or seven studies, Under Masters' rooms, and a separate and distinct Matron's house or Infirmary. The Gownboys in after years numbered sixty. An old rule under Sutton's will used to provide that the Foundation Scholars in the highest form should every Sunday set up in the Great Hall four Greek and four Latin verses apiece upon any part of the second lesson appointed for the

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day, for the Master of the Hospital or any stranger to view. It is to be hoped that the Gownboys possessed many a Martial.

"Saunderites," usually numbering about thirty boys, was perhaps not quite as large as Verites, but was considered the second House. It adjoined Gownboys, and comprised a large room called Long Room, "Cocks," a few studies which were miserable little dens not much bigger than sentry-boxes, and a fine spacious house belonging to the Head Master, in which were situated its dormitories and the Matron's rooms for illness. Oddly enough, the Saunderites did not dine at their own house, but went over every day to Verites for the purpose. When Saunderites increased in numbers there was no accommodation large enough in their house for dinner; consequently Verites became the good Samaritan and took them in. Until the reason of this daily emigration round Upper Green to the Second Master's house for dinner was known to me, the proceeding was as enigmatical as Dr. Samuel Johnson's curious habit of stuffing his pockets with the orange peel which he picked up in Fleet Street and its environs.

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"Verites," numbering about twenty-five boys, was situated on the south-east side of Upper Green, and lay a considerable distance from the other two Houses. It was composed of two large long rooms, a "Cocks," some remarkably good studies, and a big, commodious house belonging to the Second Master. It possessed large, airy dormitories, and had a Matron attached to it. A most popular lady was the Matron, and every boy acquainted with her spoke of her with much affection and respect. To be invited over to Verites to supper on a Saturday evening was always held in great honour.

"Dickenites," seldom numbering more than eight or nine boys, was altogether a peculiar House. It was situated next to Chapel, commanded a fine view of Upper Green, and seemed a most privileged domicile. The boys lived *en famille*, as it were, with the Reader, and dwelt apart, like Tennyson's Lotos-Eaters, "careless of mankind." They were rarely seen except in school-time, and had the reputation of being more than ordinarily blessed with this world's goods. A "Dickenite" was ever a liberal sup-

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porter of Tolfree the tuckman; but he seldom distinguished himself in any other way. He lay beside his nectar, and *voilà tout.* Nathless his must have been a comfortable house, utterly free from restrictive and harassing regulations. It was almost as secluded as a Carthusian cell; for members of the other houses were ne'er or rarely observed to go into it. The Reader's parrot was perhaps better known than his boys. That somewhat stridulous bird used to make day hideous with his shrieks whenever it was placed out for an airing in the corner of Upper Green. Often was it our devout and silent wish that friend Psittacus could return to its native forests, a wish frequently accompanied by a surreptitious hurl of a pebble at its hoary old head. The sole object which seemed to cow it was a gigantic balloon of the Montgolfier sort floating high up in the heavens over his cage. This in all probability he considered a Brobdingnagian hawk or other fearful wild fowl poised above him. Its presence invariably induced silence discreet and profound. Balloons were always a source of much amusement to us Carthusians, coming as they did from the old Surrey Gardens, the Cremorne

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Gardens, and other resorts dearly beloved by the holiday-making Londoner.

"School," a rather ugly building (particularly on the north side), stood in an isolated position, apart from the rest of the buildings, on the top of "Hill." It was picturesquely situated among the lime and plane trees. Its frontage was covered with stone tablets bearing the names of former alumni of the place, together with the dates at which they were scholars. The structure consisted of four rooms—(1) Big School, a spacious, lofty chamber, with horse-shoe forms, raised desks, canopied thrones for the senior Masters, large semi-circular windows, Titanic maps, and tablets containing the names of the Orators and Gold Medallists; (2) New School, a medium-sized room, where the French and Drawing lessons were usually given; and (3 and 4) two minor rooms, forming the wings of the whole building, where certain Forms were heard their studies, and where those gruesome emblems of torture, the flogging blocks, stood grimly under the Masters' desks. Behind New School on the eastern side of Under Green was a snug little corner in which the most

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important pugilistic encounters took place. These fights were allowed by the unwritten law of the School, the sole stipulation being that they were to be attended by one of the Monitors, who saw that they were fought according to the conceived notions of equity and justice. A curious fact about "School" was that no gas had ever been laid on into the building. Consequently, whenever London was enveloped in a pea-soup fog, candles had to be fetched for the Masters, while the boys contented themselves with any wax or tallow stumps (known as "tollies") they could procure. These improvised lights of course became the victims of many practical jokes. Sometimes missiles were clandestinely hurled at them; at other times they were mischievously extinguished; but most frequently bits of moistened blotting-paper, deftly rolled into pills, were sent flying at them from quill pens. If the paper bullets missed their mark, and struck the maps instead, great was the resonance thereof, and woe in the shape of an imposition generally awaited the luckless *franc-tireur*. Inconceivably dense were some of the metropolitan fogs, and when they intruded themselves

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UPPER GREEN · CHARTERHOUSE · CHAPEL IN FRONT AND CLOISTERS TO THE RIGHT

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into School through key-holes and other crannies, it was impossible to see further than a few yards ahead. There was something rather weird, therefore, in the presence of the innumerable wax lights. I remember, about ten o'clock one morning in November, the whole of Charterhouse being enveloped in total darkness for three quarters of an hour. It was neither an ordinary nor an extraordinary fog, but complete Stygian, Cimmerian, Egyptian darkness. A temporary pall rested over the entire city. Among some few of the younger boys it actually struck dismay. To play football in one of the dense Novembrian fogs was a feat provocative of much mirth; the ball frequently losing itself for many minutes at a time. Hockey, also, was played in thick fogs; two huge candles at each end of Under Green serving as space for goal.

As we are now in the inner sanctuary, so to speak, of Charterhouse, let me endeavour to describe its aspect. It formed, as it were, one large square divided by a slight rise, partly gravelled and partly turfed, called Hill. This square was split into two play-grounds called Upper and Under Green. The former, on

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the south side of the square, was about 100 yards long and 60 wide. It was not all of turf, but had a gravel walk surrounding it. In fact there was a little too much gravel, and though the grassy part was about 80 yards long and 50 wide, it could easily have been made larger and more adaptable for cricket. Upper Green was exclusively kept for the Upper Eleven of cricket, lay unused during the winter months, and was rigorously protected by the boys in the higher forms. No lower-form boy could go on it to fetch anything which might stray there without the permission of the Monitors or the sixth and upper-fifth form boys. The grass was certainly not like that of the Emerald Isle, either in colour or fibre; but it served. A fairly good pitch could be always obtained upon it, and the outlying parts for fielding were moderately reliable. The light at times was certainly most trying and puzzling; so much so that Carthusians when they went up to Oxford or Cambridge rarely did themselves justice during their first term of cricket, the more brilliant light of the University grounds putting them off their stroke. Under Green lay on the north side of the square,

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was about 160 yards long and 80 broad, and contained less gravel than its rival. The grass there, however, was always coming to grief, so that it had frequently to be ploughed up and re-sown. It belonged to the whole School, and was the seat of cricket, football, hockey, rounders, and all the minor games common to a large Public School. A belt of fine trees encompassed it on the east, north, and west sides.

During our Sunday's perambulation of Under Green, it was by no means a rare occurrence for some of us to pick up articles which had been presumably stolen, and hastily cast aside by thieves over the high wall in Goswell Street during a precipitate retreat from Constable A or B. These articles were generally old and seedy purses with a few pence or shillings in them, and small portions of feminine attire. Now and then skeleton keys in a bad state of rust were unearthed from the long grass, and curiously scrutinised and pondered over.

Starting from "Verites," then, on the south-east side of the square, we have the following landmarks in going round—two bat-fives courts, long black wall with a white crown painted in

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the middle, part of Hill with St. Thomas' Church in the corner, long high wall skirting Goswell Street, long wall skirting Wilderness Row, low wall dividing Under Green from Masters' Garden, Head Master's House, Saunderites, Gownboys, Cloisters with long terrace surmounting it, entrance to Chapel, Dickenites, Chapel, Day Boys, Short Wall, and Verites.

The terms were divided into three quarters: Long Quarter, extending from about the 21st of January to the 8th of May; Cricket Quarter, extending from about the 4th of June to the 12th of August; and Oration Quarter, extending from about the 21st of September to the 12th of December. Four or five days' holiday were given at Easter, forming an exceedingly pleasant break in Long Quarter.

It is curious to surmise what happened to Charterhouse during the awful ravages of the Plague of 1665. No doubt the pestilence must have crept up to its gates at the very outset of its career; for, in April of that year, we find it, according to Daniel De Foe, raging fairly extensively in the parishes of St. Andrew's, Holborn, Clerkenwell, and Cripplegate. Of course the

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School must have been disbanded at once; and possibly some few boys, having the germs of the distemper in them, may have taken the latent disorder with them to their homes, both in town and country. As far as I can recollect, I never heard what the Carthusian Records really did relate on this matter; but I can well imagine that a terrific panic overtook the whole place, and that in all probability the entire buildings were abandoned till late in the next year; most probably till after the extinction of the Fire. De Foe mentions a preceding visitation of the Plague in 1656. If this be historically authenticated, perhaps the Carthusian authorities, with their precedent of nine years before, knew what to do when the first case of the disease showed itself in the beginning of December 1664; and "two men, said to be Frenchmen, died in Long Acre, or rather at the upper end of Drury Lane." Here is a passage from the worthy house factor which tends to prove that the Plague surrounded Charterhouse: "They told us a story of a hose in a place called Swan Alley, passing from Goswell Street, near the end of Old Street, into St. John Street, that a family was infected there in

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so terrible a manner that every one of the house died; the last person lay dead on the floor, and, as it is supposed, had laid herself all along to die just before the fire. The fire, it seems, had fallen from its place, being of wood, and had taken hold of the boards and the joists they lay on, and burnt as far as just to the body, but had not taken hold of the dead body, though she had little more than her shift on, and had gone out of itself, not hurting the rest of the house, though it was a slight timber house." De Foe was only four years old when the Plague broke out. He had reached his sixty-first year when he wrote the memorable "Journal;" consequently many of his anecdotes must be taken *cum grano salis*, and be put down to the credit of a highly sensitive brain. Not long ago, when some houses were pulled down in Charterhouse Square, heaps of skulls and bones were turned up by the workmen engaged in the demolition. They were, doubtless, the remains of plague-stricken citizens; but as to which of the many pestilences it was that at various times infected our country it would be difficult to determine with any degree of accuracy. Since writing the foregoing remarks I have discovered that in

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the year 1636 an order was made empowering the authorities to dismiss the scholars during the Plague, and to bar the gates against all who were not personally employed in the establishment. In fact an old edict existed regarding the Foundation, that in time of plague the Master, with the consent of four Governors, might dissolve the House. The officers, servants, and poor brethren were to be dismissed for half a year with full allowance, while the scholars were to be sent home at charge of the Hospital.

De Foe gives the dimensions of the great pit in the churchyard of the parish of Aldgate as about 40 feet in length and about 16 feet in breadth. Tradition had it, that Hill, between Upper and Under Green, which was in the shape of a barrow or grassy tumulus, was a Gargantuan plague-pit; but whether this was so or not, it is difficult to say. Samuel Pepys, Esq., F.R.S., has many entries in his Diary on the subject of the terrible scourge of 1665. Here is one characteristic of the man and his style of writing: "30th August 1665.—I went forth and walked towards Moorfields to see (God forgive my presumption) whether I could see any

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dead corpse going to the grave; but as God would have it, did not. But, Lord! how everybody looks, and discourse in the street is of death, and nothing else; and few people going up and down, and the town is like a place distressed and forsaken."

As a contrast in style, here is a passage on the subject from John Evelyn's Diary: "7th September 1665. — Came home; there perishing neere 10,000 poore creatures weekly: however, I went along the Citty and suburbs from Kent Streete to St. James's, a dismal passage, and dangerous, to see so many coffins exposed in the streets, now thin of people; the shops shut up, and all in mournful silence, as not knowing whose turn might be next. I went to the Duke of Albemarle for a pest-ship to wait on our infected men, who were not a few."

It may not be out of place to mention here, that in Rutland House, which was in Charterhouse Square, the first opera in England was performed by Mr. and Mrs. Coleman Locke, Henry Purcell, and other musicians, and that there the first Englishwoman made her appearance in 1656 upon the stage. Mr. Locke was

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the composer of the music of "Macbeth." At our concerts in Long Quarter, "Macbeth" was a vast favourite with John Hullah, and I remember many portions in it being given in highly creditable style. Indeed I have a faint recollection that I myself had a very diminutive solo in it anent the witches and their uncanny brew.

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CHAPTER V

LONG QUARTER

FORSOOTH two dreary words, implying months which passed like centuries, with torture at the end of them in the shape of the principal examination of the year. How gloomy would we look when we again greeted one another after the Christmas holidays and their concomitant delights of shooting, hunting, fishing, and school-boy flirtations with country cousins! Methinks I hear now the rattling of the cab-wheels, as one cab after another piloted its way from the London termini into the labyrinth of Carthusian Quads, amidst exclamations to the cabby of "turn to your right," "now left," "now right," "now straight on," and discharged its freight in front of the Master's or Matron's door. Indescribably welcome was the sound of the invading cabs

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to the unfortunate wight who, living in some uncivilised spot, with station far distant, and but one train passing through per diem, was obliged to come up to Charterhouse early in the evening. His lot then was to wander through the desolate halls in despair until arrivals appeared. The first night was anything but pleasant. To arrive early was to experience an unsettled frame of mind, wavering whether to turn into bed at once, or moon irresolutely from room to room. To arrive late was to expect a summons before the Head Master, and a probable curtailing of "going out" Saturdays. True, the early comer had the advantage of a small meal being in readiness for him; but it is questionable whether tea, almost innocent of the fragrant leaf, and unpalatable cold roast beef, ever quite compensated him for the tedious murder of time. The sole antidote for such ennui was the appearance of a new boy. Of all earthly trials is there one harder to bear than the first half-hour at a new school? There is the sensation of being in a perfectly strange world, where ignorance of place, customs, and inmates, engenders a feeling of degeneracy, or, worse still, provokes ridicule.

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There is the consciousness of being keenly scrutinised, all imperfections observed, set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote. Above all there are the ceaseless interrogations, What's your name? Who's your father? What part of the United Kingdom do you come from? Are you any relation of Tomkins of Splatterdash? &c. &c., until at last you wish that you had never been baptized, or that your parents had been nameless here for evermore. All these vexations make up one vast discomfort. Happy must the new boy be when he lays his head on the pillow and obtains an eight hours' surcease from harassing "chaff" and queries!

At length the misery of first night is terminated; Chapel Clock nervously strikes twelve, and a portentous figure suddenly appears to put out the lights. This was our butler. A remarkable personage this! In the eyes of the "authorities," a trusty, honest servant, to whom work was as light as gossamer, duty his one aim through life! To us, an Ishmael unparalleled, whose hand was against every one, and every one's hand against him! The whole of Great Britain might have been scoured, and it would

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have been impossible to find a better occupier of the position of butler. He was the butler *par excellence.* There are three men of this description who are indelibly impressed on my mind, all men of the mighty dimensions of Anak, videlicet, the aforesaid butler, the keeper of the Lodge at the entrance of Charterhouse, and the butler who used sometimes to be visible at the entrance gate of old Northumberland House in Trafalgar Square. One and all seemed to me to have sat for Goldsmith's descriptive lines—"Pride in his port, defiance in his eye." From the first day of his nomination to the office, our butler acclimatised himself most marvellously. Though he had held an important post in the retinue of a duke, who, as he loved to narrate, was "very familler with him, for he allus called him Willum," he had no Belgravian mannerisms, no self-satisfied air, no peculiarity of gait, no attempting of fine language, but everything about him was natural and straightforward. And yet we boys, I fear, did our utmost to spoil him by overtaxing his temper. A feud deadlier than that between Montagu and Capulet, or Lowland borderer and Highland chieftain, was waged

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between us. We forgot all dignity and self-esteem in our love for turning him into ridicule. There was one topic especially dear to us—his *prisci tempora servitii.* With what subtle diplomacy, what finesse of tongue, what covert interest in his affairs would we entice him to tell us his favourite yarn of his intimacy with the "Dook"! The butler whom he succeeded was a man of very different stamp. Though not of such an awe-inspiring mien, he was a thorough gentleman's servant. He was, however, better fitted for intrigue. He was our friend, our help in difficulties. If we came in late on "going out" Saturdays, a few civil words, and he would remain true as steel; if we fancied a *bonne bouche* for supper, nobody could satisfy it better than he. Perhaps his popularity might have been a little attributable to the measure in which he gratified our sense of taste. He had an ever ready store of delicate cates somewhere stowed away in his rooms adjoining Gownboy Hall. His *spécialité* was home-made lemonade with a dash of cherry syrup therein, and a species of jam roll, diamond-shaped and encrusted with sugar, yclept, if my memory fail me not, a Victoria. His wife

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was a kind-hearted woman withal, and took as much interest in the smaller and more delicate Fags as in the most robust. It used to be the custom on every Friday afternoon after School was over for the lower-form boys to tub. For this ablution department she appeared to have a special aptitude. She presided over the intricacies of the tub as efficiently as the great goddess over the feasts of Saturn. Her temple, however, was by no means so ornamental. A Cocytian room—a low-roofed gloomy apology for a room—with bare stone floor, and windows scarcely admitting light. At the farther end was a huge fireplace, flanked on the right side by a deep caldron, which provided us with the necessary hot water, and there we small Fags would sit whiling away the hours in comfortable tubbing and pleasant talk, while the "gude housewife" did us service. She was, moreover, an excellent cook, and made us small dishes for our supper worthy of a Brillat-Savarin or a Soyer.

The social organisation of the School was divided into three grades. First, the Monitors, composed of four of the senior members of the

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sixth form in each House; secondly, the Uppers, or the remaining members of the sixth form, and the whole of the upper-fifth; thirdly, the Fags, or those below the fourth form. The boys of the fourth and under-fifth forms were a species of demigod enjoying an intermediate state between fagdom and monitorhood, awaiting the hour of translation to a more perfected Olympus. Each Upper had his private Fag; but general fagdom consisted of obedience to the demand of every Upper, no matter in whose House he happened to be. It consisted of ordinary fetch and carry business, and fagging out at cricket, football, racquets, bat-fives, &c. Private fagging comprised making tea, coffee, and toast, general waiting at breakfast and supper, and cleaning out studies. To refuse to fag was the most heinous sin a boy could commit. It was considered so gross a breach of etiquette that a caning was the punishment. The right of caning lay solely with the Monitors, and it was administered for the above offence, for stealing, and for cases where Fags struck Uppers. So judiciously was the right wielded that I don't remember more than five

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instances of caning during the whole of my time of seven years and a half at Charterhouse. The severest kind of fagging to my mind was fagging at the racquet-courts during winter. They were open courts. To stand round them when the thermometer registered ten or twelve degrees below freezing-point was rather a trying ordeal. Now and then a considerate player, observing one's nose turning purple, face becoming pinched, and hands growing chameleon-like, would order one off for a sprint round Green. Another species of fagging which severely tasked a delicate physique was what was styled "fire-fag" and "milk-fag." The wielding of colossal coal-scuttles and huge pokers, and keeping up fires sufficient to roast a wilderness of cannibals, was really almost penal servitude. The "milk-fag" had to lean over a mighty saucepan, which he could barely lift, perspire freely over a roaring fire, and take assiduous care that the milk was not in the slightest degree burnt, or the coffee would be spoiled. And nothing would make Uppers more touchy than bad coffee.

There was a bedroom in "Togatia" called the

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Under Twelve, from its containing the twelve lowest boys in the House. Four of these Fags were set apart every week for the sole use of the Monitors. They were denominated "Basinites." Their duty was to call the Monitors once about every ten minutes, fetch their hot water, prepare their washing materials, brush their clothes, and arrange each article of apparel in order of putting them on. They used to stand against the wall, either timorously whispering to one another, or learning their repetition from a dog-eared grammar, until their lords and masters would deign to rise from their beds—a circumstance which seldom took place before five minutes to the hour of first school. The rush then to get in time was something appalling. A simultaneous scuffle. Basinites ran hither and thither, obedient to shouts of "My jacket, Jones!" "Smith, where's my collar?" "Look sharp now, Tomkins!" (as the latter wretched individual dived into a chaotic mass of waistcoats, shirts, neckties, caps, and gowns thrown into a shapeless heap in the excitement of the moment); "Run up to my study, Jawker, and fetch my Sophocles!" Woe came to him whose

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senses forsook him in those trying moments. Then surely would he have a practical illustration of the fortitude and elegance of the Virgilian line, "Mittit tibi signa, Bootes" (freely rendered into English, "My boots will jolly soon show you how"). The next morning, if the Monitor had failed to catch first school, the following penalty awaited the erring Fag. The four ædiles would range themselves round the table *instantes loris*, alias, imminent with towels—"Run the gauntlet, Jawker!" And Jawker would proceed in a camel-like way to bucket round the room. "Swish," "flank," "flank," "swish," would descend on his unlucky carcass from the towels. If ever he got to know the meaning of the term "onomatopœia," it was then. Sometimes he would have the luck to endure the punishment from one or two Monitors who had no more idea of wielding the wetted towel than of squaring the circle. In the words of the Psalmist, "Happy was he in such a case."

The other Fags called the Uppers, and dried their towels at the fire; but when the Uppers descended into "Cocks" or the lavatory, there

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was a special Fag who washed out all the basins, and attended his masters in their dressing.

This was the kind of colloquy between Fag and Upper when the former endeavoured to make the latter get up in time for school—"Craggs, time to get up: it's ten minutes to seven!" "Eh, what? ten minutes to seven—oh!" and Craggs would turn lazily on to his right side. Three minutes would elapse, then "Seven minutes to seven, Craggs; you really must get up." Grunt, grunt, perhaps a smothered anathema. Two minutes would elapse, then with violent shaking, "Craggs, Craggs, five minutes to—come, come, you must get up." "Eh, what? be blowed!" then more violent shaking, when perhaps with a roar and a plunge the mighty Craggs would precipitate himself from the sheets, and distractedly call out for shirt, trousers, jacket.

There were three schools during the day—First School, before breakfast; Second School, between nine and twelve o'clock; and Third School, between two and four. The forms went thus, from the highest to the lowest, in rotation: Sixth, Upper Fifth, Under Fifth, Fourth, Shell, Third, Second, First, Petties.

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Two important books were kept in School, namely, the Black Book and the Census Book. The Black Book, or record of misdemeanours, was under the care of the Monitor keeping order in school-time during the week. The four Gownboy Monitors took this duty in turn. The presiding Monitor sat at a small table by himself near the entrance door, read prayers before the commencement of First School, and saw that all the boys behaved properly during his term of office. He would now and then walk round and round the forms, and if he saw any one creating a disturbance would bring him to order with a flick from the sleeve of his gown. He kept the Black Book locked up in his drawer. Whenever a master wished to put an offending boy down in it, he would summon the Monitor with the Book, and record the name and offence. If a boy happened to be put down three times during the week, he was flogged, or, as it was commonly called, swished! The record would then be wiped off, and offences began *de novo*. If a boy were down twice in the Black Book by Friday, he was taken into the Head Master's side-room to say the whole of the repetition for the week,

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and if he failed to know it was put down the third time and flogged. The Census Book was a Book of Numbers, kept by a Gownboy fourth-form boy. It recorded the numbers of the whole School, together with absences, ægers, &c. It was an elaborate tome, requiring the greatest dexterity to keep it up correctly. In fact it was a kind of Pons Asinorum of Records.

Flogging always took place at the end of "School." When a boy had to be flogged, the Monitor informed the Head Master, who would retire alone into one of the side-rooms. The Monitor would then proceed to the boy, and order him to follow him into the room. The Block, shaped something like an executioner's block, with one step to kneel upon, and another over which to bend the head, a ponderous, massive piece of wood, and very unwieldy, was then extricated from under the desk, and placed out in the middle of the room. The boy prepared himself for punishment, while the Monitor went to a small box, unlocked it, and producing a birch rod therefrom handed it to the Head Master. Six cuts were generally given, and always "in camera." The Monitor usually rested his hand

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upon the boy's head, to prevent recalcitrancy. If the Head Master happened to be away from Charterhouse, the Second Master undertook the duty. Every cut was anxiously listened to by all the boys assembled in Big School, and grimly counted. The birches were made by one of the School servants, and consisted of several budded twigs bound up into a kind of "fasces." No boy above the under-fifth was ever "switched." Flogging was by no means considered a disgrace: indeed it was rather a boy's ambition to make up the Carthusian motto, "Floreat æternum Carthusiana domus;" "flo" representing one flogging; "re," two; "at," three, and so on. An excessively heinous offence was punished by what was termed a double bircher; and it was sometimes given publicly before the whole School. It consisted of twelve cuts from two new birches. This, it is needless to add, was considered a terrible disgrace. For disturbances in bedrooms or very bad behaviour in School a boy would be put down three times at one go in the Black Book, and flogged off-hand. It was considered poor-spirited to squeal over a flogging; but some boys used to do it, whether intentionally or in fun, it

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would be hard to say. There were instances of two or three boys having been swished as many as thirty times during their sojourn at Charterhouse. Perhaps the question may be asked, Did flogging hurt much? The majority of the victims would no doubt answer to this, "The fourth, fifth, and sixth cuts hurt abominably." Sitting down was not a comfortable process for a whole day afterwards.

Thackeray, in his Memoir of Steele in "The English Humourists," thus immortalises the Block. "One hundred and fifty years after, I have myself inspected, but only as an amateur, that instrument of righteous torture still existing, and in occasional use, in a secluded private apartment of the old Charterhouse School; and have no doubt it is the very counterpart, if not the ancient and interesting machine itself, at which poor Dick Steele submitted himself to the tormentors."

The two principal games during the first half of Long Quarter were football and tennis (really bat-fives). Old Charterhouse laboured under a great disadvantage in not possessing properly covered racquet-courts. Recalling many omis-

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sions of this kind, it seems to me, after a lapse of many years, that the keepers of the exchequer were undeniably stingy. Charterhouse was a most wealthy endowment, and yet so little was done in the way of improvement. No doubt suggestions were frequently made; but the law remained like that of the Medes and Persians—it altered not. Why was there no swimming bath? There was ample space for one; there were the greatest facilities for the laying on of water,* but no swimming bath ever appeared. Tradition had it that a swimming bath used to exist somewhere near Day Boys, but that a boy was once drowned, and the bath was disestablished. There was ample space for three covered racquet-courts; but Charterhouse remained satisfied with its two paltry bat-fives courts, the larger court consisting of two walls, and the smaller of one alone. The game was originally played with long wooden bats, made very springy, from the top part of the handle being scraped thin with a glass scraper; but regular racquets were

* White Conduit House took its name from the conduit originally designed for the use of the Charterhouse, and once bore the initials of Thomas Sutton, with date, 1641.

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subsequently used. Apropos of swimming baths, I believe, towards the end of Charterhouse's existence in London, boys were allowed under certain conditions to go to some of the swimming baths in the City, "Peerless Pool," for instance, and others.

Football was of two kinds at Charterhouse. On dry days the game was played in Under Green under Association rules; on wet days, in Cloisters. As the latter game was unique, indigenous to the place (I never heard that it was played at other Public Schools), let me endeavour to describe it. The cloister, a species of tunnel paved with smooth flagstones, but roughly constructed with sharp, jagged flint at its sides, was about 70 yards long, 9 feet wide, and 12 feet high. It was supported by horizontal iron bars, and had a number of buttresses facing outwards on to Upper Green, with large square windows. In the middle it opened out east and west, and formed a little square called Middle Briers. The whole cloister extended from Gownboys to the Gownboy Dining-Hall. At the north end there was a narrow entrance door leading into Gownboys; at the

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south, a small door leading out on to Green. On Wednesday afternoons a written notice, "All Fags to be in Cloisters at 2.30," used to be posted up on the principal archway. Say that the match was to be Gownboys *v.* Rest of School. At the appointed time the Fags would assemble, and take up their position twenty strong at each end of Cloisters: the Gownboy Fags, at the door leading into their own House; the Rest-of-School Fags, at the south door leading on to Green. The boys of the higher forms would then range themselves down Cloisters, the football being started from Middle Briers. As may naturally be supposed, the ball very soon got into one of the buttresses, when a terrific squash would be the result, some fifty or sixty boys huddled together, vigorously "rouging," kicking, and shoving to extricate the ball. A skilful player, feeling that he had the ball in front of his legs, would patiently bide his time, until, perceiving an opportunity, he would dexterously work out the ball and rush wildly with it down Cloisters towards the coveted goal. The squash would then dissolve and go in pursuit. Now was the time for the pluck and judgment of the Fags to

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be tried. To prevent the ball getting in amongst them at the goal, one of the foremost Fags would rush out and engage the onset of the dribbling foe, generally to be sent spinning head over heels for five yards along the stones. It served a purpose, however, for it not only gave his side time to come up, but also his fellow Fags encouragement to show a close and firm front. If the boy with the ball happened to be well backed up by his own Houses, they would launch themselves right into the middle of the Fags, when a terrific scrimmage would ensue. The Fags would strive their utmost to prevent the ball being driven through, and hammer away with fists at hands grasping the corners of the wall to obtain a better purchase for shoving. One of these scrimmages sometimes lasted three-quarters of an hour. Shins would be kicked black and blue; jackets and other articles of clothing almost torn into shreds; and Fags trampled under foot. At the end, amid wild shouts of "through," "through," nearly the whole contending mass would collapse on the ground, when the ball would be discovered under a heap of prostrate antagonists, all more or less the worse for the fray.

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I have been in many sweetly pretty squashes in London in pursuit of pleasure: for front seat in Covent Garden gallery, to hear Patti on a "Traviata" night; for an advantageous place in the Lyceum pit, to see Charles Fechter in "The Duke's Motto," or Henry Irving in "The Bells;" for admission to the platform to catch a starting train at the Crystal Palace on Firework Night; but I don't remember a more exhausting scrimmage than one of those in Charterhouse Cloisters. Football there, moreover, was sometimes open to another kind of peril. A vigorous kick would send the ball against one of the iron bars, to rebound the next moment into your face. A bloody nose or a broken tooth or two would generally be the consequence. The toughest match in Cloisters was invariably Gownboys *v.* School; but there were other well-contested matches, such as Sixth and the two Fifths *v.* School, A to K *v.* rest of Alphabet, Fourth and Shell *v.* Third, Second, First, and Petties, &c. &c. The game in Under Green, under Association rules, was the usual spirited game; but it is too well known to need description. Our best foreign matches, or matches with elevens coming

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from other parts of England, were, I think, those with Westminster School, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and the Civil Service. Sometimes the best "dribblers" were the smallest and the most fragile-looking boys in the eleven. "Dribbling" was all knack. By a dexterous management of the feet, sound wind, great speed, and quick turning like a hare, the smallest boy could often spill and outpace a man double his height and strength. It was almost ludicrous to see three or four big fellows go down one after another clean on to *terra firma* without any apparent effort on the part of the diminutive "dribbler." The game in Cloisters was frequently so rough that delicate Fags would have given their most cherished possessions to have been let off attendance thereat. Some, indeed, used to shirk the obligation in the meanest and most contemptible manner by paltry excuses.

I cannot say that Charterhouse was at this period of its existence stronger at football than at cricket. Of late years, however, it has developed wonderfully as a football-playing school. In fact, at the Association game, I doubt whether it has its superior anywhere. "Old Carthusians"

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within the last ten years have shown up gloriously at the Oval. Many times they have proved themselves as good as the crack teams scattered over the length and breadth of Great Britain. One, of course, is rejoiced at seeing this; but at the same time there is regret that with her increase of numbers at Godalming the School does not shine more illustriously in the cricket-field.

Hockey was not patronised by boys in the higher School, but the fourth and lower forms usually delighted in it. It always, however, remained a subordinate game. Many readers of *The Field* will perhaps be astonished at this; for now the game is universally played by grown-up people, and every sporting paper has a record of the fixtures of Hockey Clubs, established in all parts of the United Kingdom. In fact the modern hockey sticks are wonderful specimens of scientific progress. In my time we were content with thin sticks with an ordinary knob at the end. As an instance of nonchalance and the absence of sentimentalism in boys, I remember going, from an exciting game at hockey, to the death chamber of our much-beloved Matron, Mrs Jeffkins, looking upon her lying in her

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shell, placid, serene, and wax-like, and returning to hockey as if death had been only an ordinary item in our existence. I have often thought of dear old Mother Jeffkins since, but with very different feelings—with feelings of affection, admiration, and respect—I fancy I can see her familiar figure still, her venerable, kindly face, her clean, neat white cap, her small bent form, and her black ebony stick. In a sick room she was thoughtfulness and gentleness personified. We raised a becoming memorial to her after her death, and a monumental tablet setting forth her worth can be seen in Charterhouse Chapel underneath the Organ Gallery even unto this day.

The Gownboy Infirmary was a most comfortable house, consisting of the two private apartments of the Matron, three moderate-sized bedrooms, a sitting-room for the invalids, a room which contained small cupboards for the private apparel of the Gownboys, and a large kitchen. The sitting-room overlooked Masters' Garden, and it was our delight to watch the sparrows coquettishly washing and preening themselves in the fountain which played in the middle. Sojourn

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in the Infirmary was nevertheless dreary work, as there was nothing to look forward to except the visits of chums after School hours. The Matron came and chatted at times; but the minutes from nine in the morning till nine at night passed very wearily and slowly. Books consoled one a little, although even Bulwer Lytton and Charles Lever palled after a while. I am afraid laziness was frequently the preface to a visit to the Infirmary. If a boy happened to be late for first school, he frequently fell back upon sickness as an excuse. The School physician used to come round every morning to the Matron's houses, and listen to the complaints of the invalids. A most kindly man was the physician. It did one good to indulge in a chat with him. I fancy, though, he had a decided weakness for prescribing Gregory's powders and brown mixture. If any complicated surgical operation were required to be performed, an eminent surgeon was called in. His services, however, as far as the boys were concerned, were seldom brought into requisition. No critical accident ever occurred in my time.

Let me now record a little of the inner life of

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the Houses. "School" was a building solely devoted to class use. After five o'clock in the afternoon it was locked, and not re-entered till first school next morning.

As soon as first school was over, we had breakfast, consisting of tea, roll, and butter. Anything else, such as jam, potted meat, &c., we procured out of our own pocket. All the toasting was done at Writing School fire. The abuse which was levelled at the wretched "fire fag," if the coals were dull or had burnt low, may well be imagined. Seven or eight Fags would be practising their art at the same time. The skirmishing for coigns of vantage was often terrific, greatly jeopardising forks and rolls alike. The most succulent mode of preparing the roll was to rasp it carefully, and when it had acquired a uniform smoothness to smear it over with butter; then came the crowning work of all, which was to toast it scientifically to a level brown, so that no one part would be more roasted than another. Much emulation existed among the Fags for the "blue ribbon" of buttered rolls, and it was generally conceded that only two or three really excelled in the craft. Of

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course "terque quaterque beatus" was esteemed the Upper who possessed such a treasure of a Fag. When an Upper left Charterhouse to enter a profession or to proceed to one of the universities, it was the custom for him to make some little present to his Fag. The value of the present generally depended upon either the good nature or the pecuniary ability of the Upper. Handsomely bound books or costly rings and scarf-pins were not unfrequently given, and I have known boys to have been Fags to at least five Uppers before they got into higher school. The system of "leave books," or of boys presenting the other boys in the same form with books when they left, also prevailed at Charterhouse. The custom might have been rather rough on the parents (many parents perhaps could ill afford the expense), but to the boys it was an intense pleasure. The books became an everlasting memento of early friendships, as well as the foundation of a pleasant and instructive little library. Whenever an Upper desired the services of a Fag, he used to call out the word "fag" two or three times in a loud crisp tone, when the nearest lower-form boy would have to answer

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the summons. Keenness of hearing was one of the essentials of fagdom; for the despotic word would sometimes proceed through vapour and breeze from the uttermost parts of Green, sometimes, too, in muffled accents from the penetralia of studies, bedrooms, &c. Sharp shrift was given to him who responded not with alacrity.

There was rather a curious regulation which was in force during dinner-time at Charterhouse. A master did not dine with the boys; but he was present during the meal, and sat in the chimney-corner, either reading a newspaper or looking over School exercises. If perchance he heard a boy talking loudly, or saw him sky-larking, he would order him to "stand out." The boy then left his seat (perhaps, too, a particularly nice cut of roast beef), and perambulated the various tables. If he saw a confrère committing a similar offence to that of which he had been guilty, he would order him to take his place and "stand out," while he resumed his seat. Thus would many a hungry lad go away from the principal meal in the day "semi-pransus." Gentle reader, do you not remember Charles Lamb, the inimitable, on the subject of food at

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Christ's Hospital? It is in one of the pleasantest Papers of "Elia"—"Grace before meat." Bear with me while I quote it. "Nor do I think our old form at school quite pertinent, where we used to preface our bald bread-and-cheese suppers with a preamble, connecting with that humble blessing a recognition of benefits the most awful and overwhelming to the imagination which religion has to offer. *Non tunc illis erat locus.* I remember we were put to it to reconcile the phrase 'good creatures' upon which the blessing rested, with the fare set before us, wilfully understanding that expression in a low and animal sense, till some one recalled a legend which told how in the golden days of Christ's the young Hospitallers were wont to have smoking joints of roast meat upon their nightly boards, till some pious benefactor, commiserating the decencies rather than the palates of the children, commuted our flesh for garments, and gave us—*horresco referens*—trousers instead of mutton." I never can read or recall this passage to mind without thinking of our English graces at Charterhouse. We also had to laud the "good creatures," and talk of the bounteous liberality

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provided for us; but I do not think that in our case the praises were misapplied. Most old Carthusians will no doubt agree with me in saying that the dinners were by no means meagre. If they did possess a weak side, it was the fluid, and not the solid side. The beer was of the swipe, swipy. The Carthusian "Grace before Meat" I used to deem singularly neat and elegant. Our only regard for it, however, was to get through it as rapidly as possible. It ran thus, "Good Lord, bless us and these Thy good creatures which Thy most bounteous liberality hath provided for us, and mercifully grant that we, by them being healthfully nourished, may be the better enabled to perform all things due unto Thy Divine Majesty, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

After third school, which terminated at four o'clock, we all returned to our respective Houses, when we remained independent of masters till the next morning. Monitors and Uppers were considered sufficient to keep order for the rest of the day. About 6 P.M. a bell was rung at the cloister entrance of Upper Green, summoning all inside the Houses from the play-grounds, and then each House servant would lock up the

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outer door. Once inside the House, every boy was at liberty to do whatever he liked. Either lessons were prepared for the following day, or boys amused themselves in any manner they pleased in front of their cupboards, which were ranged round Writing School. Some sat before the fire reading; others lounged listlessly about. Between half-past six and seven o'clock the doors of the cupboards, which contained the library books of every House, were thrown open, and each boy was allowed to choose a book, duly recording it in a catalogue kept for the purpose. At the end of every month the books were gathered in, dusted, and restored to their respective cupboards. The cupboards were then cleaned and set in order, and the books arranged in their proper shelves until taken out anew. The library was under the control of a House Committee, usually consisting of the Monitors and the principal Uppers. The Head Monitor was generally the President. The Committee met about once a month after nine o'clock at night, when various subjects affecting the interests of the library were debated. The Meetings were fashioned on the lines of the Parliament

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at St. Stephen's, and we used to sit in solemn conclave as demurely as if we were hatching the laws of Great Britain. The President, with Motion Book, Minutes of Meeting, &c., arranged before him, called us to order if necessary, and imposed fines whenever anything unparliamentary occurred. We really did our best to speak ornately, and Addisonian English was not uncommonly heard; but the nature of the subjects was so frequently humorous that a Meeting seldom passed without unbounded laughter. Now and then some ludicrous occurrence would send the members into unlimited uproar, and fines would follow fast and furious. One scene I remember which nearly hurled our mock St. Stephen's into a perfect revolution. We were discussing a knotty point when one of our august senators happened to espy the face of the butler's wife comically peering through the ventilation-holes in Hall on to the solemn assemblage. With an Ojibbeway shout he launched himself on to his feet, unbound his shoes, and sent them flying at the offending eavesdropper.* The reason observed, other

* Library Meetings were supposed to be entirely private; I

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members followed suit, and a perfect hail-storm of shoes went hurling against the wall. The butler's wife fled precipitately; the President screamed himself hoarse; shouts of irreverent laughter filled the room; the Committee became demoralised; St. Stephen's was on the eve of disruption. The fines of the first Ojibbeway, I fancy, nearly reached a sovereign on that eventful night. When the unlucky member—alas, afflicted with too keen a sense of humour—returned to Charterhouse on the following term, and paid the twenty silver zechins out of his limited paternal allowance, he bitterly repented him of his impulsive conduct, and wished the pallid face of the scared butler's wife to the remotest corner of the Antipodes. It may naturally be asked by Mrs. Grundy, the severe, whether all sorts and conditions of books were admitted into the library. No. The President of the Library Meetings submitted the names of the books to the Head Master after they had been carried by vote at the Committee, and the Head Master exercised

may say as private as the meals of any swarthy potentate, such as King Ja Ja of Dahomey.

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his own judgment about them. Thanks to a liberal-minded custom and broad sympathies, the books were of a thoroughly cosmopolitan character. They comprised poetry, histories, essays, voyages, sacred works, scientific works, and the best specimens of novels. It was wonderful the amount of miscellaneous reading one got through during one's sojourn at Charterhouse. I myself retain an agreeable recollection of having become intimately acquainted with most of the principal poets and essayists in English Literature, besides having devoured all the Waverley Novels, all Fenimore Cooper's novels, most of Bulwer Lytton's, Charles Dickens', Charles Lever's, Captain Marryat's, Thackeray's, Whyte Melville's, James Grant's, Charles Kingsley's, George Eliot's, and a host of heterogeneous authors, male and female, ancient and modern. Of course there were many dry works in the library, but they rarely required the good offices of the bookbinder. "They also served which did but stand and wait." If a book was found by an Upper lying about, it was what was termed "boxed," *i.e.*, its title was called out loudly three times, and if the owner did not answer to it

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he was fined sixpence. By fines such as these, and by compulsory subscription, the library in each House was more than amply maintained. In Togatia, gowns discovered lying about were also "boxed," and, if my memory serve me rightly, the fines levied on these occasions went to the benefit of the library. It was a most wholesome rule. Gowns were never seen in such a draggle-tailed and dissipated condition as they sometimes exhibit at those exemplary seats of learning, the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

Between 7 and 8 P.M. we had what was called "supper," a meal which was in reality tea. It consisted of rounds of bread which we ourselves toasted, a moderate supply of butter, and Bohea. We used to sit according to our forms in School. Whether we had addenda to our "supper" in the shape of sausages, steak, potted meats, or jams, depended entirely on the state of our funds. *Deficiente crumena* were words in Juvenal which were often painfully brought home to us. A hamper full of all the delicacies of the season, sent from home, was received with the highest acclaim.

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At 8 P.M. a curious custom obtained in every House. This was "Banco," or an hour's private study. A Monitor presided, and absolute silence was maintained, while each boy was supposed to prepare his work for the following day. If he had done it in the earlier part of the evening, he could amuse himself as he liked, provided he kept profoundly silent. Any disturbance was at once punished by the Monitor. The sole permissible interruption was the following: "Gownboys" and "Saunderites" being adjacent Houses, internally separated by Writing School door (kept locked) alone, messages passed between them thus. A kick would be suddenly heard at the door from the side of "Saunderites," to be answered next moment by a Gownboy on the side of "Gownboys." A voice would then exclaim "Go round," or "Send so-and-so round," when the boy who was wanted would proceed to "foraca," where the wall exhibited a small opening, and he could there hear the wishes of his friend. In this way, help in lessons and other little amenities passed between the two Houses. The Monitor who presided at "Banco" not only kept order, but also rendered Fags trifling assist-

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ance in their exercises. In fact, for the time being he was a species of Under Master. As soon as Chapel clock struck nine, the presiding Monitor of "Banco" in "Gownboys" would call out "Go into Hall," when all the Gownboys would adjourn to Hall for prayers. The House Master then came down from his private rooms, and the roster of names was called over in alphabetical order by the Monitor. As each name was called out, the owner answered "adsum." A great joke once occurred at this roll-call, which I trust the subjects of it will pardon me for recording. A wag saw his opportunity of having some fun with a new boy, whose name happened to be Abraham; so on the first night of his existence at Charterhouse he told him that the customary reply to the roster were the words "Here am I." Accordingly, as Abraham's was the first name on the list, and there was no precedent to guide him, Abraham innocently responded "Here am I" to his name. The effect was electrical. Master, Monitor, and boys became convulsed with inextinguishable laughter, and it was a long time before the Monitor was able to reach the Y's of the unlucky roll-call. The "Banco" Monitor

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read prayers, and after prayers came bedtime, at least for lower-school boys. Uppers were allowed to sit up till 11 P.M. As soon as the Master saw that every one was in a fair way of getting into bed, the gates of the dormitories were locked, and the gas was put out. If illness occurred, or anything were required during the night, noise was made by knocking with boots against the walls, when the House Master would come down and hear what was wanted. The system of locking boys into their bedrooms always seemed to me a highly dangerous one. Much confusion would inevitably have ensued had a fire broken out in the House. On the other hand, as no Masters slept in the dormitories, if the bedrooms had been kept open, there would have been risk of boys skylarking along the passages, or disporting themselves about the rooms downstairs. Naturally, with the absence of masters from dormitories, bedroom rows were of frequent occurrence, and "high jinks" often prevailed till the small hours of the morning. When detected, however, they were treated with severest punishment—either 1, 2, or 1, 2, 3, in the Black Book.

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Almost the greatest event of Long Quarter was Lemon Peel Fight on Shrove Tuesday. In this contest, again, the old feud between Gownboys and the Rest of School had to be wiped out. Every boy had a pancake, and half a lemon, which he partly squeezed, but not too hard, lest the segment should not retain enough weight to fly well. As soon as dinner was over, and while the leathery pancakes still hung heavily upon the chest, the Gownboys sallied forth from their dining-hall, segment of lemon in hand, and defensively protected by caps drawn down tightly over their heads, and gowns wrapped round their arms, somewhat after the manner of a stiletto-fighter. In "battle's magnificently proud array" they betook themselves to Master's Garden side of Under Green, while Rest of School emerged from "Verites," and skirting along Upper Green by Crown crossed Hill, and took up their position on the east or Goswell Road side of Under Green. Then commenced the mighty conflict: a storm of lemon peels hailed through the air; and furious rushes were made first by one party and then by another. Sometimes long shots proved most efficacious. An

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Upper would be standing leisurely surveying the mêlée from a distance, when, hey presto! coming from he knew not whence, a lemon peel, almost fresh, and skimming down wind, would find its way into his shining orbs. "Un œil poché," as our Gallic friends so humorously put it, would tell its tale on the following day. Very ugly bruises resulted from Lemon Peel Fight, and it was not until all the peels had been thrown into perfect shreds that the contest was ended. Dirty work, too, it was—that goes without saying—for the lemons, squashed into pulp, and brought so frequently into contact with grimy mother earth, left face, neck, and hands of a Stygian hue. Prompt adjournment to the lavatories was necessary after this quaint Citronomachia.

About Easter time, when it was too hot for football, and not warm enough for cricket, we had a capital game called cricket in Cloisters. Three stumps were chalked on the wall of Gownboy "Cocks," and a stick was driven into the crevices of the flagstones about twenty yards farther down. Two boys a side took part in the game, which was played with exceedingly thick sticks and a fourpenny ball. The bowling

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was usually underhand; but now and then, by mutual consent, slow round was indulged in. The great hits used to be (from Gownboy end), (1) to "point," through the two Gownboy doors —a safe fourer, as the ball always proved difficult to find in the dark corners; (2) to square leg, through the large archway on to Green—sometimes a sevener if hit at a half volley and hard enough to travel as far as St. Thomas's Church on the remotest side of Hill; and (3) right over the bowler's head down Cloisters to the bottom door: (from Middle Briers end), (1) an off-cut through a buttress window on to Upper Green, and (2) an on-drive, which cannoned off the wall through one of the windows. Naturally, in a game of this kind, the unexpected lent considerable excitement to the fun, as there was no knowing at what angle the ball would come from a spirited hit. One of the neatest hits I ever saw was a half volley on the "on side" from Gownboy end, through the first buttress window, across an angle of Green, and striking Chapel full pitch to the right of its side entrance door—altogether a distance of some sixty yards. Cricket in Cloisters

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was excellent practice for the real game of cricket, as it not only gave a boy a quick eye for batting, but made him a sharp field as well. To throw a boy out by hitting the solitary thin stick in the flagstones while runs were being made was also a feat of no insignificant skill.

If Lemon Peel Fight and cricket in Cloisters were some of the pleasantest events of Long Quarter, saying Catechism in Chapel was one of the most disagreeable. Gownboys to be confirmed, after rehearsing before the Head Master in Hall every Sunday afternoon during Lent, were at length heard the Catechism *coram populo* in Chapel during Passion Week. They stood out in a line between the pews of the Day Boys and the old Pensioners, and, making a break in some portion of the afternoon service, went through the Catechism in the pluckiest way they could. It was a trying ordeal; the vicinity of the old Pensioners with their quaint ways being sometimes provocative of secret mirth. The portions of the Catechism considered *cruces* were "The Duty towards one's Neighbour" and "The Desire," and an intense sigh

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of relief was generally uttered by the unhappy wight when he satisfactorily came to the end of the latter. Confirmation itself was scarcely a more embarrassing ordeal. As regards that rite, we boys had a ludicrous tradition. It was commonly held that the Head Master's "buttons" and "housemaid" had been confirmed at least five times. As year after year came round, the same "Jim" and "Mary" seemed to offer themselves for Confirmation. They always appeared a similar height, a similar colour, a similar *tout ensemble*. When they brought up the rear of the Indian file, suitably and becomingly attired for the solemnity, a quiet smile suffused all our countenances; for we verily believed that "Confirmation Jim" and "Confirmation Mary" were destined to show up on these occasions till the natural termination of our sojourn at Charterhouse. This miraculous appearance of "Confirmation Jim" and "Confirmation Mary" occurred in days before the Head-Mastership of Mr. R. Elwyn. I am afraid that we boys did not think as seriously of Confirmation as we ought to have done. Before the event occurred, Tolfree the tuckman used to sell a "Confirmation Mixture,"

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a most delicious kind of tuck, which entered largely into the memory of the ceremony.

As the Easter holidays were only of five days' duration, not a few of the boys remained at Charterhouse during the recess. Most unconscionably dull it was. Those who didn't go home to their relatives and friends were heartily glad when the vacation was over. The Head Master, however, was always most thoughtful and kind. He not only used to ask the boys to breakfast, but even took them out "sight-seeing." How well I remember a most enjoyable visit to the Colosseum and Crystal Palace, and can call to mind with delight the Swiss châlets and ravine in the former, and the antediluvian monsters in the latter! Charles Lamb, in his incomparable "Elia," says in his essay of "The Old and the New Schoolmaster" that master and scholar can never be on affectionate terms; their relationship forbids it; there never can exist absolute love; schoolmasters can never hope to share an atom of the affections of the boys. And here I must cite an apposite passage: "Vacations themselves are none to him (the master), he is only rather worse off than before;

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for commonly he has some intrusive upper-boy fastened upon him at such times: some cadet of a great family, some neglected lump of nobility or gentry, that he must drag after him to the play, to the panorama, to Mr. Bartley's Orrery, to the Panopticon, or into the country to a friend's house, or his favourite watering-place. Wherever he goes this uneasy shadow attends him. A boy is at his board, and in his path, and in all his movements. He is boy-rid, sick of perpetual boy." Well, I am at issue with the genial humourist here. There were many of us who loved our Head Master, and whom the Head Master loved in return. Nor do I think that he begrudged us the pleasure which he gave us in that Easter vacation: he entered *con amore* into all our fun, and for the time being completely submerged the trencher and gown. Two Head Masters held sway during my stay at Charterhouse: first, Dr. Edward Elder, who died at the School in 1858, and, secondly, the Reverend Richard Elwyn. Elder was a Balliol scholar, and was traditionally reported to have been a tremendous "bruiser" in his time. We boys looked upon him with considerable awe, and I

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can see him now sitting on his scholastic throne, a raised, canopied daïs, with his trencher slightly tilted on one side of his head, and looking as if he could peer into the innermost recesses of a boy's soul. His "swishings" were things never to be forgotten. I doubt whether Keate in all his glory ever wielded the birchen twigs more skilfully than dear Dr. Elder. When a boy was ushered into the little room for a swishing, I may here mention that it was a point of honour in the victim to help the Monitor to pull out the Block and place it in a convenient spot, much in the same way as a man going to be hanged might obligingly assist Mr. Berry in getting the rope ready. Elder used to get the birch neatly into his hands, hitch up his gown with an indescribable twist, measure his distance, and then carefully with the point of the rod remove the tail of an obstructive shirt so as to have a clear field of operation. Elder, however, was not as fond of swishing as his predecessor Dr. Saunders, who would ask a boy to breakfast at nine o'clock when he had swished him at eight, and neither master nor pupil felt any *mauvaise honte* over the matter. A perfect pall fell over the School when

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he died in the meridian of his reign, lamented by Uppers and Fags alike. It seems only yesterday that we followed his funeral cortège as far as the Lodge in Charterhouse Square, and gazed tear-dimmed at the hearse as it disappeared into the vortex of the London streets beyond. Richard Elwyn, who was Second Master at the time, succeeded him, and left a name enshrined in the hearts of all who served under him. Unfortunately, after five years of Head-Mastership, his health broke down, and he left Charterhouse to take a year's rest. He afterwards entered upon the laborious position of Head Master of St. Peter's School at York. It was with the greatest regret and sincerest love that both masters and boys bade him farewell amid a thousand good wishes for his home in the North. A ripe scholar was Richard Elwyn, Scholar and Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Bell and Craven Scholar, Members' Prizeman, Junior Opt and Senior Classic, &c.; but so modest with it all, that he reminded one of Tennyson's saying in "In Memoriam," "wearing all that weight of learning lightly like a flower." A most eloquent preacher, too, he was: few things gave us more

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intense pleasure than to see him in the pulpit; his sermons were so heart-stirring and sympathetic; his reading most delightful to listen to. He succeeded the late Dr. George Currey as Master of the Charterhouse, and I trust that there are many grand ecclesiastical honours besides that of Canon of Canterbury still in store for him.

After the Easter vacation a "spurt" was made for the big examination at the end of Long Quarter; "mugging" became general, and really hard reading went on even after School hours. A great feature at this period was the unusually early rising. The house servants were commissioned to call boys at 5 A.M. Some boys lazily did their reading in bed; but the majority got up, and either worked, or made a pretence of work, down in Writing School. To fortify the body against waste of tissue over assiduous "grinding," recourse was had to the preparation of an early meal. Etnas and spirit lamps were freely used, and many a steaming bowl of cocoa helped us over the bewildering problems of Euclid or the labyrinthine intricacies of an Æschylean chorus. Portions of the previous night's

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supper were preserved for the occasion, and, if reading proved too stern a matter for the student, much lightsome humour could be extracted from the primitive boiling of a couple of eggs. For my part, the early rising was generally an excuse for indulging in what must have been my embryo sporting instincts; for I usually found myself waging terrific warfare against the numberless sparrows which swarmed among the trees in Under Green, stalking them like a veritable Hawk-Eye or Chingachgook, in the long grass, and often making some wonderfully accurate shots. Many a time, to my intense amazement, have I flushed hawks, cuckoos, and magpies from the leafy trees on Hill; and as for parrots which had escaped from cages, they were almost as common as the sparrows themselves. How was it that the notable gastronomist Quintus Horatius Flaccus never mentioned roast parrot? I am convinced that the tongues of nightingales and the rumps of blackbirds were nothing to it.

It was also at this part of Long Quarter that much preparation was made for the Grand Concert given at the end of it. John Hullah, the celebrated musician and composer, taught

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the singing, and a vast amount of trouble used he to take over us. Music then was not as popular with the English as it is now; but Hullah undauntedly persevered in soothing the savage breast, and wherever he found what doctors call a predisposition he soon inculcated love and reverence. As far as the system of teaching singing at Charterhouse was concerned, if anything was calculated to make a boy hate it, it was the practice of obliging him to sacrifice the best play-hour of the day (between 12 and 1) by compelling him to go up to a distant room to sing, whether in the humour for it or not. Had the singing been taught during School hours, I verily believe that possible Marios, Gardonis, Tamberliks, Grazianis, Sims Reeveses, and Santleys might have been discovered amongst us. No pleasanter teacher, however, could have been found than John Hullah. He was the essence of good breeding and courtesy, and as gentle and patient as a turtle-dove over what frequently must have been to him an unthankful task. A strikingly handsome man was John Hullah, with his curly iron-grey hair and refined and intellectual features! Not unlike Mr. Millais the artist, I used

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to think in those days, when both must have been in the prime of life. Hullah was organist at Charterhouse, and while he was fulfilling that office I remember reading a charming paper, styled "Colloquy in Grey Friars," written by him on music, in *Macmillan's Magazine* for Februrary 1868. He lovingly mentions the little room devoted to his use near that quaint old staircase which ran by the gallery of the Pensioners' Dining-Hall. A very ghostly staircase and room it was too!

The Grand Concert was held in the said Dining-Hall, and was largely attended. One of the great features in it was the Latin Ode in honour of Thomas Sutton, set to music by Horsley. It was a sweet and spirited song, as dear to all Carthusians as "Dulce Domum" is to Wykehamists. The following are the Latin stanzas of the Ode:—

CARMEN CARTHUSIANUM.

Læti laudate Dominum,
Fontem perennem boni,
Recolentes Fundatoris
Memoriam Suttoni.

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Omnes laudate Dominum,
Vos, quibus singularia
Suttonus dona præbuit,
Et domum et bursaria.

Senes, laudate Dominum,
Reddatis et honorem
Suttono, quibus requies
Paratur post laborem.

Pueri, laudate Dominum,
Quoscunque hic instituit
Suttonus bonis literis
Et pietate imbuit.

Ergo laudate Dominum,
Omnes Carthusiani,
Puerique rus amantes,
Et senes oppidani.

Læti laudate Dominum:
Surgat e Choro sonus
O FLOREAT ÆTERNUM
CARTHUSIANA DOMUS.

In addition to those boys who actually took part in the concert, only boys in certain Forms were allowed to be present at the sumptuous supper which was afterwards given in Governors' Room. This privation was a great hardship to the small fry; but youths, however barbaric they may be in other respects, are always compassionate one towards another; means therefore were found to convey some of the delicacies of

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the supper table to the stomachs of the debarred, and various "good creatures" were transferred to capacious jacket and trouser pockets. The Gownboys were especially fortunate in this surreptitious lightening of the dessert dishes, as their gown sleeves, bell-shaped and beautifully secure at the ends, were capable of holding "riches fineless" in the shape of sweetmeats. These provisions were received by hungry and envious Fags with as loud acclaim as fledgeling birds receive agricultural tit-bits from the mouths of their marauding parents.

Of course the crowning point of Long Quarter was the result of the principal examination of the year, and the Blue Book containing the Class List was received with mixed sensations of the heart and mind. A Third Class invariably signified deferred promotion. Did the parents of the unhappy figurers in this class often get a view of the Blue Book, I wonder?

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CHAPTER VI

CRICKET QUARTER

THIS was a quarter almost entirely devoted to the great deity Cricketonius. Unfortunately, to the worshippers of the noble pastime it was all of too short a date. The two months seemed to fly past with the rapidity of a lightning flash. Can anything equal the idolatry of a Public-School boy for the god of the merry stumps? I trow not. To such an one, my patient reader, the names of Alfred Mynn, Fuller Pilch, W. Carpenter, Tom Hayward, R. Daft, H. Jupp, T. Humphrey, A. Shaw, A. Shrewsbury, and Barnes have a more puissant charm than a whole host of Cæsars, Arminiuses, Scipios, Cromwells, Marlboroughs, Wellingtons, and Napoleons; and such cricket literature as *The Field*, *Bell's Life*, *The Sportsman*, and *Lillywhite* is more precious than "all the ballads

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that ever were sung or said." I verily believe that during those few fleeting summer months, among the majority of British Public-School boys, cricket simply "eats with them, sleeps with them, walks with them, talks with them." It would be almost a work of supererogation at this point of my Memoir to lavish fresh encomiums on the fine old English game. Are not the works of the mighty wicket-keeper Box, and that able judge and chronicler of cricket the Reverend J. Pycroft, sufficient in praise for all time? Let it be enough for me to paraphrase Dr. Boteler's dictum on strawberries, and say that doubtless man might have made a better game than cricket, but doubtless man never did. There was a kind of tacit understanding at Charterhouse that during Cricket Quarter the engines of study were to go easily. Classical lore was not neglected; but I doubt whether the lessons were quite as long as during other terms, and, if imperfectly learnt, whether the shortcoming were visited with as great a severity. Very often the studies were prepared *sub Jove tepido*, and who could be particular about the phraseology of a Sophoclean dialogue, or the construction of a Thucydidean

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oration, when the thermometer stood at 90°, and a cricket "pitch" gleamed before one in all its virginal smoothness and comeliness? It is a wonder to me that Charterhouse bred efficient cricketers at all. The light was execrable throughout the quarter, and the Under Eleven seldom played on even turf. As the Under Eleven fed the Upper Eleven, it may be imagined that the principal team was never as good as it might have been had advantages been different. The members of the Under Eleven, however, with the ambition of promotion ever urging them onwards, were excessively keen, and battled against the wretchedness of their "pitches" with true Spartan tenacity of purpose. Charterhouse, moreover, laboured under disadvantages as regards numbers. In the olden time she seldom mustered more than 180 boys; so that, by deducting Day Boys, weaklings, and non-cricketers, she only had about 100 from whom to choose. This range of selection, of course, would be small by the side of such schools as Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Cheltenham, and Marlborough. Had it not been for the excellent system of fagging, which obliged the Lower School to take

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an interest and be proficient in cricket, I hardly think the game would have come to anything at all at Charterhouse. Fagging certainly taught a boy to bowl and field sharply. There was an excellent rule in fagging, which compelled boys to use their hands, and never rely on articles of clothing to stop the balls. It might have been cruel where an Upper sent balls in as if from a catapult; but it taught a youngster to stand up confidently and pluckily as a "long-stop." The badness of the light was indeed a giant to contend against. I have played once or twice on the Westminster School ground at Vincent Square, and can honestly assert that the light there was angelic compared with that at Charterhouse. The surrounding buildings did not seem to stand right upon your shoulders as they did at Charterhouse, and Pimlico could never be as smoky as the City. Another detriment to Carthusian cricket was, in my humble opinion, the absence of a really good professional "coach." Whether we were not wealthy enough as boys, or whether a truly efficient and prominent "professor" never considered Charterhouse worth his while to be attached to as "coach," I

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do not know; but certain it is that until the School removed to Godalming it never had a "professor" who could be counted even among the third-rate players. In the pre-Surreyan days the "professors" were either in the sere and yellow leaf (very much in the sere and yellow leaf), or "colts" from some obscure ground in the metropolis. Honest old Dakin! Who does not remember him, with his rugged but kindly face? Forgive me, friends, if *longum arcum distendo* (excuse the canine-icity of the Latin), but dear old Dakin surely assisted at those renowned tournaments when such ancient wielders of the willow as Lord F. Beauclerk, Lambert, Beldham, Thomas Assheton Smith, Jack Musters, and George Osbaldeston astonished the gaping Hambletonians, and was no doubt a nodding acquaintance of the later fraternity of Fuller Pilch, Mynn, &c. Yes, friends, surely our ancient "professor" figures somewhere in that time-honoured picture where the giants of cricketdom are adorned with lofty "chimney-pot" hats, broad-gauge braces, graceful "pumps," and "breeks" reaching down to the top of the ankle. Dakin hailed from Cambridgeshire (I think his divinities must have

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been the brothers Hayward), and, though he was no batsman, could bowl straight on to the sticks till the crack of doom. There was no "devilment" in his bowling; no break from leg; the highly intelligent modern "yorker" was as unknown to him as the French of Stratford-atte-Bowe; but every ball came in direct on to the wicket, excellent as to length and pitch, and with untiring energy. His coaching was somewhat archaic. Red-Indian-like, he was a man of few words. Thomas Carlyle would have delighted in him. In the dialect peculiar, I suppose, to the Eastern Counties, he would make no further remark than "ye moost put yer bat agin the ball," illustrating it by a pantomimic movement of forward play. This seemed his only shibboleth. No doubt admirable advice for a ball which was straight, but totally useless otherwise! In fact, when didn't one try to "put the bat agin the ball?" As an umpire he was incomparable—thoroughly unbiassed and impartial. Nomenclature was a matter of complete indifference to Dakin. The I Zingari were never anything else to him than the "One Zingari!" He was particularly partial to that Eleven of amateur cricketers, and was as

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fond of them as he would have been of a presentation statuette of the great Fuller Pilch. Often in after years I used to meet Dakin at the big matches at Lord's. His consumption of the British beer was on those occasions as straightforward as his bowling. The later "professors" at Charterhouse did not seem to have the game so much at heart as he had. They had a way in practice of bowling you a half-volley, going into rhapsodies over your hit, and the next moment lying down on the grass till the ball was returned. If deliberately accused of bowling for a "swipe," to rest their sorely-tried limbs, they instantly "scorned the haction." Fielding at Charterhouse was always a matter of mathematical precision. A ball hit hard to leg on Upper Green, and out of reach, would rebound off one of the walls at the most astonishing angle. Strangers who came to play the School must have had many a hearty laugh at the vagaries of cricket there. Was the ball often "skied" at Charterhouse? Not as often as might be imagined. It really took a good hit to sky the ball over Day Boys, or on to the top of Cloisters. The most ambitious hit—hit most yearned to

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be made—was a lofty drive from Chapel end, high over the bowler's head, right on to the top of School, clearing the trees on Hill. The best home matches during the quarter were The First Seven *v.* the Next Eleven, Gownboys *v.* Rest of School, Church *v.* State, Monitors and Masters *v.* School, A to K *v.* Rest of Alphabet, Sixth and Fifth *v.* Rest of School, and the First Eleven with broomsticks *v.* the Second Eleven with bats. The best foreign matches were *versus* the Dingley Dell, the I Zingari, the Civil Service, Westminster School, Christ Church Cardinals, and Old Carthusians. There may have been other foreign matches, but my memory fails to remember the names. Amongst the home matches, I think Gownboys *v.* Rest of School held priority of place. It was always a splendidly contested match, exciting the keenest emulation. Of course Gownboys had fewer numbers from which to choose; but, as a rule, the Upper Eleven were composed of at least six *togati*. Second in importance was Church *v.* State, and here again the Gownboys showed up favourably for the Church, there being so many sons of clergymen on the foundation. The broomstick

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and bat match was always entertaining; the broomsticks invariably got the best of it. The most important foreign match was Old *v.* Present Carthusians. The day was made a whole holiday; Tolfree, the tuckman, brought in his best provisions and fruit; and during the preceding week the greatest care was taken with the "pitch." Every evening the captain of the Eleven had out a *posse comitatus* of Fags to water, roll, and beautify the grass. On the morning of the match the best bits of grass on Hill, all the windows in Cloisters, and all the benches underneath, were early secured as the most advantageous spots for seeing it. Boys most indifferent as a rule to cricket made a point of witnessing this one match in the season. The grassy part of Hill appeared like a festive picnic, so many groups of boys outstretched on rugs took up their position there to view it. Masters, their wives, sons, daughters, &c., many of the old Pensioners, and some of the principal servants of the place, lined the terrace on Cloisters to see how the game would go. Play began at 11 A.M.; there was a brief adjournment to luncheon in the various Houses at 1 P.M.; and at 4 P.M. the

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contending Elevens, the visiting Old Carthusians, and a few of the privileged Forms, repaired to the Head Master's or the Second Master's house for a sumptuous "feed." The Head Master and the Second Master took it alternately to give the repast. Match me, ye climes, the glorious cider-cup which we had on that occasion. The butler who made it deserved a heaven all to himself. Iced to a nicety, flavoured with borage to a nicety, its component parts mixed to a nicety, the "cup" was perfection! Nectar! Ambrosia! Metheglin! What ye will! Happy the individual who got his beak into the tankard first! There was a manifest reluctance to part with the refreshing goblet, which was eyed with jealousy, nay, almost irritability, by the drinker's *confrères* seated on either side of him. On the part of the cricketers themselves, it was always noticeable that there was greater brilliancy of batting after than before the consumption of this celestial cider-cup. Nor was the sumptuous "feed" marred by post-prandial speeches. A few happy words from the Head Master or Second Master, and there was an instant return to Upper Green. Alto-

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gether a glorious day, when old friendships were renewed, and much pleasant chit-chat over this or that Carthusian's success at Oxford or Cambridge whiled away the agreeable moments! Of course the "top scorer" of the Present Carthusians was made the hero of the hour, and he was accordingly lionised with becoming honour. After the match was over, various Old Carthusians remained to supper with the boys in those Houses where they had been themselves brought up. There fun and chaff waxed fast and furious, until night closing in, affectionate good-byes and farewells terminated a thoroughly enjoyable day. The I Zingari match was also exceedingly popular. Many of the members were officers of the Household Brigade, and as they were jolly, genial fellows, without "swagger," they were immense favourites with the boys. Two of the I Zingari of that era I can well call to mind even now — Captain Stewart, who must have been one of the handsomest men of the time; and Lord Garlies, a fine all-round cricketer, now, I think, the Earl of Galloway. It was a curious thing, a kind of strange fatality, but the I Zingari, who were almost the strongest

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Eleven of such amateur teams then existing, as the Anomalies, Butterflies, Free Foresters, Incogniti, &c., were invariably beaten by us. Whenever we boys managed to get invited out during term time in Cricket Quarter, it must have been to Lord's or the Oval that we repaired. How well some of the All England and United All England matches flash across my memory still! George Parr's leg hitting, Carpenter's terrific off-drives, T. Hayward's neat cuts off the bails, R. Daft's brilliant wrist play, Tarrant's pretty style, H. H. Stephenson's correct cricket, Tom Hearne's stubborn defence, G. Anderson's hard smacks, Mortlock's sterling play, Tom Lockyer's grand wicket-keeping — they are all stereotyped on the brain. Then, too, the feats with the ball: Jackson's knocking the middle stump clean out of the ground, making it turn a succession of somersaults five or six yards behind the wicket-keeper; poor lithe, active George Tarrant bowling his heart and stomach out dead on the stumps; Tinley with his "lobs," which when hit hard back at him he would field in the grandest of styles; Jimmy Grundy and George Wootton pegging

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away at the sticks, and rarely leaving them during a match,—are not all these to a cricketer almost modern history? And then, again, at the Oval! Ben Griffiths, with his shoulders high up in his head, hitting merrily left-handedly all over the field; Jupp playing and hitting stubbornly and well, not pretty to look at perhaps, but wondrously effective; Tom Humphrey, a little active figure, hitting in free, lively style; Pooley, one of the most taking-looking bats of all time; and little 'Sewell fielding and bowling untiringly. *Ay di mi, hæc olim meminisse juvabit!* Among the gentlemen, who can forget V. E. Walker, R. D. Walker, I. D. Walker, Hon. C. G. Lyttelton, Hon. T. de Grey, E. M. Grace, F. G. Inge, R. A. H. Mitchell, C. F. Buller, F. Wright, E. Hume, A. Lubbock, R. D. Balfour, C. T. Ottaway, R. Fitzgerald (the popular secretary of the M.C.C.) and many others of like calibre?

At the end of Cricket Quarter the Upper Eleven sometimes stayed up at Charterhouse to play three foreign matches. These varied in different years. Once, I remember, we went down to Mr. Brand's seat at Glynde, and played

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a strong Sussex Eleven. A most beautiful place it was, with a fine cricket-ground in the park, and all the surroundings intensely picturesque. We got a most cordial reception, and seldom spent a more delightful day. The weather was glorious, the cricket excellent, and the journey to Glynde and back by railway most enjoyable in every way. Another team we played belonged to Windsor; for the match took place near Cumberland Lodge. We were all enchanted with the magnificent woodland scenery, and, I dare say, for aught I know, quoted Alexander Pope to our heart's content. The third team was the Wimbledon Eleven, a very strong set of amateur cricketers; in fact, about the strongest anywhere about London. The ground was beautifully situated on the Common, and I remember a coveted hit was to leg right into the midst of a group of elms on the south-western side. At Wimbledon, between the inningses, we varied our cricket with Aunt Sally, when we would do our utmost to break the proprietor's head with our "twelve shots a penny," but the gipsy-like acrobat would dodge in and out of the cocoa-nut sticks with the agility of a clown in a panto-

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mime. There were three capital batsmen among the Wimbledon Eleven at that period—Messrs. Oliver, Oliphant, and Raynes.

As has been remarked before, Charterhouse was heavily handicapped in cricket with regard to numbers; but for the benefit of a younger race of Carthusians, perhaps it will be permitted to me to enumerate some of her most prominent cricketers in times past. Present occupation does not enable me to devote any time to research, nor am I in a position, from hearsay or otherwise, to record the names of great Carthusian cricketers in the early part of this the nineteenth century; but, speaking broadly, I think the following may be enrolled as memorable heroes of the game: Charles Pearson, G. J. Blore, C. H. Sams, H. L. Bulwer, S. H. Armitstead, H. C. Malkin, F. Gordon, E. W. Hawker, F. G. Inge, J. W. Inge, W. A. Atkinson, F. D. Orme, J. H. Gordon, A. Bloxam, W. A. Eardley-Wilmot, R. Brodie, R. B. Roberts, G. Wallace, W. Thomas, H. H. Gilbert, J. S. Tate, A. E. Seymour, R. A. Seymour, J. Butter, A. Butter, G. Brodie, C. E. Boyle, K. A. Muir-Mackenzie, F. Barton, C. A. Borrer, W. R. Carr, J. T. Hodgson, F. R.

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Somerset, C. Hawkins, H. Hawkins, G. S. Davies, G. Cookson, F. S. O'Grady, G. E. Smythe, C. E. B. Nepean, H. M. Mackenzie, J. Lant, B. F. Hartshorne, A. Seymour, L. H. Stevenson, W. W. Cooper.

Amongst these, F. G. Inge, C. E. Boyle, and C. E. B. Nepean played for Oxford against Cambridge. They were all brilliant batsmen, and did great honour to the 'Varsity Eleven of their day. I think many old cricketers will concede that F. G. Inge was one of the best gentleman "points" ever seen on a cricket-field. His brother, J. W. Inge, who became a distinguished officer in the Royal Artillery, was a splendid left-handed bat, and would no doubt have gained his Blue had he gone to the University. C. E. Boyle was equally at home with the ball, with the wicket-keeping gloves, and at "point," as with the bat; and no Public School could have been blessed with a better captain. He was moreover a first-rate tennis-player, and may be placed in the same category as Messrs. Heathcote, R. D. Walker, and the Hon. A. Lyttelton. C. E. B. Nepean kept wicket for Oxford, and greatly distinguished himself in that capacity; he

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was also a beautiful bat—in fact, a fine all-round cricketer.

During the latter portion of my sojourn at Charterhouse, athletic sports came into practice. They were held in the spring; but, with the exception of a few good runners, the School did not produce any remarkable athletes. R. E. Webster, a Saunderite, now Sir R. E. Webster, greatly distinguished himself as a one-mile and three-mile runner. He took most of the Carthusian prizes for those races, and afterwards, in conjunction with C. B. Lawes, carried off the prize for Cambridge in the Inter-University Sports, held on the Christ Church cricket-ground at Oxford in 1864. Charterhouse once possessed a very fine thrower of the cricket-ball in H. H. Gilbert. If he did not quite equal the historical records of Fawcett of Brighton College, Forbes of Eton, W. H. Game, W. G. Grace, and G. F. Bonnor (the Australian cricketer), his throws of 110 yards were in those days of athleticism in its infancy no mean performances. I remember seeing Gilbert throw from the "Crown" end of Upper Green almost on to the top of the terrace over Cloisters, that is to

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say, the ball struck Cloisters about six inches below the stone coping on the summit. Gilbert was also one of the best "long-stops" Charterhouse ever had, and J. H. Gordon about that time was within a little of being as fast a bowler as Jackson of All England celebrity.

One of the chief incidents of Cricket Quarter was the concert held in the middle of Upper Green at the end of the term. On the evening before the breaking up of the School the whole Eleven and all the Uppers and Monitors sat round on chairs in a circle and sang glees. The effect in the stillness of a summer evening, and with the quaint surroundings of blackened walls, sombre cloisters, ancient chapel, and picturesque Tudor buildings, was excessively pretty. If sundry members of the Eleven were quitting Charterhouse at the end of the term, little congratulatory speeches upon their prowess in cricket terminated the genial gathering.

Oration Quarter.

This was a most dismal quarter at Charterhouse. As most people who are conversant

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with London during the winter months can imagine, the weather was execrable. When there was no rain, there was fog, and when there was no fog, there was rain. Soon after five o'clock in the afternoon darkness set in; consequently scarcely any play could be indulged in, and there was nothing left but to spend the long evenings indoors. Fortunately Charterhouse was always generous in the matter of coals; so that the roaring fires kept in all the Houses reconciled us to the somewhat slowly revolving hours. One of the occupations during tedious moments used to be the cutting of our names on Writing School table and in front of the cupboards. Writing School table was literally furrowed with elaborately carved cognomina. They were generally executed by certain boys who had acquired a reputation for this particular kind of skill, and it required much tact and coaxing to enlist their "so potent art" in one's behalf. The desks in School were also wrinkled with names; but, of course, these had been clandestinely cut during lesson-time, probably with much trepidation during their execution. Had it not been for the possession

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of a library the long evenings in Oration Quarter would have been melancholy maddening. Bulwer, Dickens, G. P. R. James, Walter Scott, Harrison Ainsworth, and James Grant, no doubt saved many a young Carthusian from Colney Hatch and Hanwell.

Another thing which reconciled us to the gloom of the quarter were the "going out" Saturdays. Uppers were allowed to spend Saturday and Sunday with relatives or friends every week; Unders once a fortnight. "Invites," as they were called, were written to the Head Master. If there were no cause or impediment, &c., he granted the necessary permission, and caused an "exeunt" list to be posted up on Friday evening in every House with the names of the friends who invited inscribed thereon. Directly after twelve o'clock school on Saturday the lucky boys who had received invitations rushed off to their Houses, donned swagger attire, and set off for their various destinations, either in town or country. Unless especially prevented, they were expected to be back in time for nine o'clock prayers on Sunday night. Sometimes the "exeunt" lists were so full that only six or seven boys would be

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left at Charterhouse in each House. Such a diminution of numbers was often oppressively sombre to those remaining. To drown dull care, recourse was had to extra good suppers and a more liberal patronage of Tolfree, the tuckman. What a boon, though, those "exeunt" Saturdays were! How one revelled in the theatres on these occasions! Think you that we cared for the soft surroundings of stalls or private box? Mehercule, no! the pit was paradise enough for us! What mattered it whether Grub Street had called us "groundlings," or other opprobrious epithets! Given us the front row of the "parterre" and we fancied ourselves in Patmos. Lo! a new Apocalypse! Now, Charles Kean grinds his teeth and girds out his rasping tones as Shylock; now Charles Matthews is coolness personified as Sir Charles Coldstream; anon Alfred Wigan entrances us in the "Island of St. Tropez;" George Vining looks handsome and manly in melodrama; honest Sam Phelps plays Bottom the weaver as no other actor can; Benjamin Webster freezes his audience with the "Dead Heart!" Ah me! And then these pass away, and a fresh generation succeeds. Charles Fechter

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comes on with his blonde Hamlet, and his absorbing Henri de Lagardère; Dion Boucicault takes his splendid header as Myles-na-Coppaleen. Sothern makes one weep as David Garrick, or split our sides as Lord Dundreary. Sam Emery plays the villain to the life! Room there too for the ladies! For clever Mrs. Charles Kean, the lively Miss Woolgar, the refined Kate Terry, the lovable Mrs. Boucicault, the accomplished Carlotta Leclercq, the superb Amy Herbert, the gentle Nelly Moore, the engaging Milly Palmer! Here let me rest, gentle reader. If I continue on matters theatrical the wick will burn down low: in fact, methinks I shall see the year 1900 in.

How one misses too, nowadays, some of the old and interesting objects which met one's gaze in Oxford Street as one journeyed out westwards to relatives! Gatti and Bolla's huge chocolate-making cylinder in High Holborn never failed to snatch a minute or two from us as we passed by. Then there were two ravens in a brewery near Tottenham Court Road, which defied metropolitan accidents, and roamed about the beer barrels (possibly having a fine old time of it among the rats) with unconscious

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pride of usefulness. Further on was the Pantheon, which, with its high-sounding name and its universal popularity, always was a welcome landmark near Regent Circus. There were certain shops along Oxford Street into which in my young days I never could resist peering. These were gunmakers, naturalists, and second-hand booksellers. The latter especially often made me late for an avuncular meal at 1.30 on Saturday. Do you not remember dear Charles Lamb on this head? It is in his "Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading." "There is a class of readers whom I can never contemplate without affection—the poor gentry, who, not having wherewithal to buy or hire a book, filch a little learning at the open stalls—the owner, with his hard eye, casting envious looks at them all the while, and thinking when they will have done. Venturing tenderly, page after page, expecting every moment when he shall interpose his interdict, and yet unable to deny themselves the gratification, they 'snatch a fearful joy.'"

I saw a boy with eager eye
Open a book upon a stall,

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And read, as he'd devour it all;
Which, when the stall-man did espy,
Soon to the boy I heard him call,
"You, Sir, you never buy a book,
Therefore in one you shall not look."
The boy pass'd slowly on, and with a sigh,
He wish'd he never had been taught to read,
Then of the old churl's books he should have had no need.

What wight in this populous City pent has not experienced the self-same semi-nervous feeling when drinking at these fountains of learning in Holywell Street, St. Clement Danes, the Strand, and by-ways around the Marylebone and Euston Roads?

Pleasant above all things were my visits to the House of Commons, when influential relatives came up to town from the country, and got me out from Charterhouse for the afternoon and some portion of the night. By great good luck I oftentimes managed to obtain admission to the Peers' Gallery, and would there sit from an early hour in the evening entranced with the speeches of such world-renowned orators as Lord Palmerston, Gladstone, Disraeli, John Bright, Bulwer Lytton, Sir Richard Bethell, and Sir Roundell Palmer. Benjamin Disraeli, especially, wove his fascinat-

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ing web around me, and whenever I saw him sitting huddled up on the front Opposition bench with his arms folded, and his pallid face set Sphinx-like and motionless, I used to recall Milton's lines—

> "Deep on his front engraven
> Deliberation sat and public care."

I have frequently thought in after-life what a splendid burlesque writer the stage might have had in Disraeli if he had only turned those talents which he so eminently exhibited in "Ixion" and "Popanilla" into verse. As a serious dramatist he was a failure. "Count Alarcos" was wretched. As a metrical burlesque writer he would have rivalled either Planché or Blanchard. Bulwer Lytton's was a figure in the House of Commons one could never forget. As he stood swaying to and fro during his speech, now and then almost bending himself double, one was irresistibly reminded of the Biblical passage, "Like a reed shaken by the wind." How difficult it was to tear oneself away from the allurements of a full House, when at about 10.30 P.M. the stern goddess Duty whispered that it was time to return to Charterhouse.

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Meetings of the Governors of Charterhouse seemed to be more frequent during Oration Quarter than at other times of the year. Whenever they took place a half-holiday was given to the School. No sooner was this bruited abroad than a rush was made to sundry trees in Under Green, when distracted cries of "Tolfree! Tolfree!" would resound through the air. Tolfree was the Carthusian tuckman, a most important personage in the scholastic establishment. His shop (no mean confectioner's) lay at the east end of Wilderness Row, and could be easily descried from the middle branches of Big Tree in Under Green. Big Tree was accordingly climbed by the most active of the Fags, and after wild shrieks of his name from the sturdiest boughs, Tolfree could be got to know that his services would be wanted for the afternoon. Half an hour after the summons he would be seen to issue through Gownboys followed by his "Fidus Achates," a trusty henchman, carrying a tray of the most heterogeneous specimens of "grub" imaginable on his muscular head. Tolfree's den, or emporium, was situated under Sixth Form School, and was

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a dungeon-like opaque kind of a cell with a small barred *guichet* looking out on to Under Green. The squashes for the first pick of the various confectionery were as severe as the biggest football rouges in Cloisters. Tolfree gave credit; but whenever a bill had assumed too large a proportion he was as inexorable as Acheron. No wheedling, no blandishment imaginable, could induce him to allow "tick" to proceed a penny higher. Rules about credit were very severe. At the end of every month Tolfree's bill went up before the Head Master, and so strict was the latter on the score of payment that I have known a boy flogged for owing by no means a large sum. Tolfree, however, gave a boy every chance possible. He would come round to the various Houses on the morning before the bill went up, and see whether the account could not be squared. So lenient and considerate was he that he would often withhold a biggish account if strict promise of payment within a few days could be given. Of course these visits round the Houses occasioned those boys who were unable to be provided with the wherewithal terrible sinkings of the heart. Tolfree generally

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put in an appearance at breakfast time; consequently the unfortunate cashless ones had their appetites completely taken away, and rolls and coffee would suddenly assume most hateful aspects. There were two Tolfrees in my time, Old Tolfree and Young Tolfree, father and son. Old Tolfree used to throw the pancake on Shrove Tuesday at Westminster School. I believe he was a wondrously skilful hurler. As our tuckman he was rather rigid and testy; his great age made him a little crotchety; but there was a good deal of kindness of heart beneath the crust. He left Charterhouse during my faghood, so that it is of his son of whom I speak more particularly. Young Tolfree was a man quite in the prime of life, tall, good looking, and most engaging in manner. He had received quite a superior education. His conversational powers were of no mean order. On matters theatrical he was a wonderful authority. Right voluble was he on the glories of Sadler's Wells Theatre during the management of Samuel Phelps. Sadler's Wells was no doubt eminently accessible to him at Wilderness Row; but, putting aside the theatre's proximity,

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he deservedly had the greatest admiration for Phelps. I verily believe he spent two nights of every week at his theatre. He used also to speak most highly of Macready; Phelps, however, was his prime favourite. I never went to Sadler's Wells while I was at Charterhouse; but I saw Phelps later on at West End theatres as Shylock, Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, and Nick Bottom the weaver. I then could well understand Tolfree's admiration for him. His Sir Pertinax Macsycophant was a most finished piece of acting. Tolfree presided at his emporium on the usual half-holidays, and I should think he made a capital business out of it. Many of us boys on the last day of every quarter would also go round by Goswell Street and pay him a visit at his shop. He would there allow us to revel among his miscellaneous confectionery to our heart's content, merrily and cheerily entertaining us with chaff and gossip the while. I am afraid that his after-life was not all *couleur de rose*. I fancy he eventually emigrated; but whether his emigration turned up trumps to him or not I cannot say. Nobody could have wished more heartily for his success than I myself.

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On the days of Governors' Meetings the Gownboys were obliged to sally down in their caps and gowns to Master's Lodge. There, in a long narrow vestibule which led into the fine old mansion, they lined the passage, and awaited the advent of the august Governors. Of course it was an occasion of much chaff and fun; for the older boys would stand out in the large quadrangle, and, as soon as carriages drove in through the principal archway, would hurry back and announce the most stupendous potentates imaginable. As a Governor passed down the vestibule he would sometimes single out his nominee from among the Gownboys, and either give him encouraging advice, or soothe his palm with a "sovereign remedy for an inward bruise." The most generous and kind-hearted in the way of "tipping" among the Governors in my time were Sumner, Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Winchester, Tait, Bishop of London, Sir Cresswell Cresswell, Lord Justice Turner, and the Earl of Harrowby. Some of the Governors were quite the gentlemen of the old school; the Earl of Lansdowne never failing to come to the Meetings in blue swallow-tailed coat and brass

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buttons, light trousers, and high stock. As far as I remember, the Governors in my time were the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Cambridge, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Winchester, the Bishop of London, the Duke of Buccleuch, Lord Palmerston, Lord Panmure, the Earl of Lansdowne, Lord John Russell, the Earl of Harrowby, Sir Cresswell Cresswell, the Lord Chief Justice of England, Lord Justice Turner, Archdeacon Hale, and one or two Members of the House of Commons, whose names I forget. If my memory serve me rightly, neither Mr. Gladstone nor Mr. Disraeli were Governors until after I had left Charterhouse. The Master of Charterhouse was the Venerable Archdeacon Hale, a fine, handsome old dignitary of the Church, and kind-heartedness personified. He had little or nothing to do with the educational part of the School; but he sometimes preached in Chapel. We liked to see him in the pulpit, for he was always worth listening to. It was about the end of my sojourn at Charterhouse that the Public School Commission sat, and I can well remember the

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delegates paying us a visit. They found some of our fagging regulations a "little too menial," and they amended them accordingly.

During Oration Quarter and Long Quarter we were often startled at night-time by the outbreaks of large fires in the Metropolis. Once rather a portentous one broke out among the houses at the east end of Upper Green immediately behind "Crown." We got out the Carthusian fire-engine; but, after the manner of most private engines, the hose obstinately refused to work. A picturesque sight, however, it was to see us boys massed around the engine on Green. The City engines arrived in due course and extinguished the flames, though not before they had consumed the netting of our tennis-courts. Excessively weird were the cries of "Fire! fire!" along Goswell Street and Aldersgate Street whenever conflagrations occurred in the district in the early part of the night. Of course the huge fire in Tooley Street, when Braidwood lost his life, was one never to be forgotten. The lurid reflection for miles around was a grand sight from Charterhouse, the dome of St. Paul's on that occasion appearing like a burnished globe

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of light. We boys would have retained a greater respect for that fire had we not been obliged on the Wednesday following to turn the eventful occurrence into our best Latin hexameters. I think I exhausted every adjective in the Gradus in my torturous struggle to render justice to the "*De Tooleii Strati Conflagratione.*"

As has been remarked before in a previous part of this Memoir, the Gownboy examination at the end of Oration Quarter was a positive inquisition. Nothing more sublime in torture was ever invented for a boy. If he did not happen to be in a certain Form by a certain age he was harried to death by examiners. Half the pleasure of being on the Foundation was removed by the horrible *cauchemar* which awaited him every December. The examination took place in the little room at the end of Terrace adjoining Governors' Room, and was very severe of its kind. If a Gownboy hopelessly broke down in it he was politely but firmly informed that his presence at Charterhouse was no longer required. This meant good-bye to exhibitions, chances of university career, economical education, &c. &c.

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The great event in Oration Quarter was naturally the oration at the end of term. It was always made by the Head Gownboy Monitor on Founder's Day, the 12th of December. The oration was written by the Head Monitor in the best Ciceronian Latin he could compose, and revised by the Head Master. It embraced a variety of subjects, such as the great political issues of the year, the successes of Old Carthusians at the universities or other parts of the world, the deaths of Old Carthusians and eminent public men, and general matters of local interest. The Head Monitor took the oration up before the Head Master every morning at first school for repetition during the latter part of the quarter, so that by the 12th of December he was supposed to have it perfectly by heart. To avoid all chances of failure, however, he was allowed to have a prompter, usually the Second Gownboy Monitor, who received three guineas for sitting behind him at the rostrum, and taking care that he did not skip the most important part of the speech. The Head Monitor's relatives, Old Carthusians, prominent celebrities, and Masters' friends galore were invited to the ceremony.

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At the termination of the speech the orator, in accordance with understood etiquette, held out his trencher, and received manifold contributions in good substantial coin of the realm. As each donor proceeded to the rostrum with his "korban" or little gift, he was received with loud clapping of hands by the whole Gownboy community standing round. In proportion to the popularity of the giver the applause grew louder and louder, until sometimes it culminated in a perfect salvo. The amount of the donations of course varied according to circumstances; but it was seldom less than £100. Anything over £160 was considered very good. I remember a Gownboy going up to the university with about £300 for his first year, clearly obtained by his own merit—£200 by the oration, and the rest won by scholarships and exhibitions. Tradition had it that the Queen always sent £50 when an orator was her own nominee; but no such fortunate wight existed in my time. After the oration the money was taken by the prompter to the Gownboy Matron's House, and there counted by the Gownboy House Master.

I will take the opportunity of inserting here a

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characteristic passage from Thackeray's essay on Steele in the "English Humourists," on the head boy of a school. "Almost every gentleman who does me the honour to hear me will remember that the very greatest character which he has seen in the course of his life, and the person to whom he has looked up with the greatest wonder and reverence, was the head boy at his school. The schoolmaster himself hardly inspires such an awe. The head boy construes as well as the schoolmaster himself. When he begins to speak the hall is hushed, and every little boy listens. He writes off copies of Latin verses as melodiously as Virgil. He is good-natured, and his own masterpieces achieved, pours out other copies of verses for other boys with an astonishing ease and fluency—the idle ones only trembling lest they should be discovered on giving in their exercises, and whipped because their poems were too good. I have seen great men in my time, but never such a great one as that head boy of my childhood; we all thought he must be a Prime Minister, and I was disappointed on meeting him in after life to find he was no more than six feet high."

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As the 12th of December was a red-letter day, we must describe the whole programme. In the morning there was a rehearsal of the oration; in the middle of the day the gownboys had a particularly sumptuous dinner in Gownboy Hall; in the afternoon, about 4 o'clock, there was a special service in chapel, when some notable Carthusian clergyman would preach the sermon. After chapel all proceeded to the Governors' Room to hear the oration; and after the oration there was a grand dinner for the celebrities, old Carthusians, &c., in the Pensioners' Dining-Hall. The orator at this latter ceremony said grace.

The Gownboy dinner in the middle of the day was a very genial affair. A moderate allowance of wine—port, fine ruby, and not logwood—was given to each Foundation-boy. Fowl formed part of the *menu*, and the most singular thing was that this harmless domesticated bird seemed on these occasions to be possessed of legs and wings only, for the breast never adorned our plates. No master attended at these dinners—we were under the guardianship of the monitors; consequently, though completely decorous in our behaviour, we were often excessively humorous.

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Funny and capital speeches usually terminated the repast. The bust of Tommy Sutton, duly washed and decorated, was not infrequently set down at one of the ends of the chief table.

The service in Chapel has been well described by the Carthusianus Carthusianorum, William Makepeace Thackeray. I cannot refrain from quoting it. We were so enamoured of it as boys that we frequently had to turn it into French or Latin. It is, of course, from "The Newcomes."

"The custom of the School is, that on the 12th December, the founder's day, the head gownboy shall recite a Latin oration in praise Fundatoris Nostri and upon other subjects; and a goodly company of old Cistercians is generally brought together to attend this oration; after which we go to Chapel and hear a sermon; after which we adjourn to a great dinner, where old condisciples meet, old toasts are given, and speeches are made. Before marching from the Oration Hall to Chapel, the stewards of the day's dinner, according to old-fashioned rite, have wands put into their hands, walk to church at the head of the procession and sit there in places of honour. The boys are already in their seats, with smug fresh faces, and

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shining white collars; the old black-gowned pensioners are on their benches; the chapel is lighted, and Founder's Tomb, with its grotesque carvings, monsters, heraldries, darkles and shines with the most wonderful shadows and lights. There he lies, Fundator Noster, in his ruff and gown, awaiting the great examination day. We oldsters, be we ever so old, become boys again as we look at that familiar old tomb, and think how the seats are altered since we were here, and how the doctor—not the present doctor, the doctor of *our* time—used to sit yonder, and his awful eye used to frighten us shuddering boys on whom it lighted; and how the boy next us would kick our shins during service time, and how the monitor would cane us afterwards because our shins were kicked. Yonder sit forty cherry-cheeked boys thinking about home and holidays to-morrow. Yonder sit some threescore old gentlemen, pensioners of the hospital, listening to the prayers and psalms. You hear them coughing feebly in the twilight—the old reverend black-gowns. Is Codd Ajax alive, you wonder?—the Cistercian lads called the old gentlemen Codds, I know not wherefore—I know not wherefore—but is old

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Codd Ajax alive, I wonder? or Codd Soldier? or kind old Codd Gentleman? or has the grave closed over them? A plenty of candles light up this Chapel, and this scene of age and youth, and early memories, and pompous death. How solemn the well-remembered prayers are, here uttered again in the place where in childhood we used to hear them! How beautiful and decorous the rite; how noble the ancient words of the supplications which the priest utters, and to which generations of fresh children and troops of bygone seniors have cried Amen! under those arches."

All lovers of pure English must necessarily admire this passage, full, as it is, of deep pathos, clever antithesis, and delicate humour.

I think dear old Thackeray, however, is in error when he describes us as marching from the Oration Hall to Chapel. My impression is that we went into Chapel first, and then up to the Governors' Room for the oration. But I speak under reservation.

We boys used to look down upon the grand dinner in Codds' Dining Hall from the galleries, which partially surrounded it. When the speeches

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came on we cheered vociferously. I remember being in the gallery, when both Leech and Thackeray were present at one of these Fundatorial dinners. Thackeray, of course, made a speech, but I cannot recall to mind what kind of after-dinner speaker he was. John Leech, I have often heard, was a most quiet and reserved man, and scarcely ever gave one the idea of possessing the extraordinary wit and humour which exhibited themselves in his pictutes. I think many of his funniest Cockney caricatures must have been observed and stored up in his mind during his pupilage at Charterhouse—probably, when he went out to friends for Saturday and Sunday. I remember Thackeray once paying an afternoon visit to Charterhouse, and merrily entertaining a posse of fags with his conversation, as he stood with his back to the wall near the door of Gownboy Hall. Suddenly he dived his hands into both pockets, and pulling out pieces of money, scattered them right and left amongst the boys. Somehow or other, I had a proud fit upon me, and stood aloof from the scrambling. A silver coin from Thackeray, then at the height of his literary

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fame, would have been worth keeping as a perpetual memento; but the boys, who picked up the money, scarcely looked so far ahead. The pieces were most likely liquidated at Tolfree's on the succeeding half-holiday.

For the benefit of younger generations, let me endeavour to describe Thackeray as he appeared at that time. He stood about six feet two inches high, was massively made, though now slightly inclined to corpulence, and had a large round somewhat baby-like face, with grey curly hair waving over a large and intellectual forehead. He wore gold spectacles, was very neat and *soigné* in his dress, and generally stood with one hand lightly resting in his trousers pocket. His voice unfortunately I cannot remember; but I should imagine it was a very beautiful and silvery one. The two sweetest male voices I have ever heard in public were those of Sir Alexander Cockburn, Lord Chief Justice of England, and Paddy Green, of Evans' renown.

Thackeray was perplexed about the etymology of the word Codd applied to the Carthusian pensioners. It seems to me to be an abbreviation of the slang word "codger," the term

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"old codger" being very common some five and twenty years ago. There used to be in London (and, in fact, may be there still for aught I know), somewhere about Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, a place called Cogers Hall, where men met, drank, smoked, and debated. Was this place originally "Codgers' Hall," a convivial assembly room for elderly men? George Augustus Sala, one of the best literary umpires now remaining amongst us, derives the name "Cogers Hall" from the Latin verb *cogitare*, but this, I venture to think, is far-fetched and hardly likely to be correct.

After the oration many of us boys used to go up to the rooms of one or two of the Old Codds, and the dear kind old gentlemen would regale us with jam and whatever creature comforts they might possess. Most of their names it is now impossible to remember, but Codd Barty, Codd Larky, Codd Brown Wig still linger in my memory. Elkanah Settle, whom the Earl of Rochester wished to set up as Poet Laureate in antagonism to "glorious" John Dryden, was ultimately a Codd at Charterhouse. So also is * now

* Since this was written Mr. Madison Morton has unhappily died.

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Madison Morton, the imperishable author of "Box and Cox," and other notable farces. I believe he went the other day from his cosy rooms at Charterhouse to "Toole's Theatre" to receive unanimous applause for a farce called "Going It," which Mr. Toole had accepted from him, and which was being played to crowded houses. Many of the Codds were men of splendid physique, and they no doubt had been redoutable warriors in their time. It was a pleasant sight to see them on warm sunny days playing at bowls in one of the inner grassy quadrangles; some entering *con amore* into the contest, others basking on benches and keenly criticising the game. The thought has often occurred to me since, where these poor old grey-beards were buried. We boys frequently heard the Chapel bell tolling for them, but we never saw one of their funerals. They could not have been interred within the precincts of Charterhouse, as the law against intramural burial would have prevented it. Doubtless they had relatives, who looked after the last earthly honour to be paid to their brave old remains, and took them to distant cemeteries utterly unknown to us.

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In reference to the Pensioners or Codds, what lover of literature can ever forget the pathetic scene in "The Newcomes," where Colonel Newcome, the dear old broken-down gentleman, ends his last days in the quiet sanctuary of the Charterhouse? Has not Professor Herkomer, R.A., immortalised the fact in a beautiful picture representing Charterhouse Chapel and the Pensioners?

I have forgotten to mention the fun some of us Uppers used to have after prayer-time in Oration Quarter, in fencing and boxing. We used to unlock the cupboard in Writing School, where the foils and gloves were kept, and set to with a will. Only a small portion of the School learnt fencing and boxing, to the best of my recollection not more than ten or twelve boys, whose parents could afford the extra expense, but by looking on during the lessons, we all got wrinkles enough to enjoy ourselves with the noble art. Mr. Angelo, of world-wide reputation, was the fencing-master, and he used to come to Charterhouse about once a week, accompanied by his three lieutenants, M'Turk, Jackson, and Bowen. It was a liberal education to see Angelo fencing. His three lieutenants were

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men of exceedingly tall and handsome presence, Guardsmen by report, and of most genial disposition. M'Turk and Jackson taught fencing and singlestick, Bowen boxing. Bowen was a veritable Porthos, his width of chest being tremendous, and his height over six feet. It was commonly reported at Charterhouse that Bowen was anxious to challenge Tom Sayers, but that Angelo thought that it would be better, for the credit of his house, if he refrained. The chief was no doubt correct; but "Bell's Life" lost the chance of recording a mighty "mill" there.

Were the Carthusians of my time literary? Yes, undoubtedly so. A school magazine was started, which ran successfully for many months. Some of the papers in it were really first-rate. If my memory be accurate, its title was "Grey Friars." Its numbers were looked forward to most greedily. Many years before a magazine had existed called "The Carthusian," and that also had been honoured by most able contributors. One or two volumes of it were to be found in our library, oddly enough, I fancy, in the cupboard which contained works for Sunday reading. "The

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Carthusian" was indisputably secular in character, though of course rigidly proper and decorous. Whether the present library at Godalming possesses volumes of "Grey Friars," bound up or not, I cannot say; nor have I heard whether the contents of the libraries at London Charterhouse were removed *en masse* to the new colony in Surrey. Many of the books in old Charterhouse were sadly out of repair, and I should say only fit for Holywell Street and St. Clement Danes.

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CHAPTER VII

ABOUT OLD CARTHUSIANS

THE earliest record of an Old Carthusian of any renown is Dr. Isaac Barrow, the great divine. He became chaplain to Charles II., and in 1675 Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. He appears to have been a clever mathematician, but whether Charterhouse did this for him or not cannot be said. He seems to have possessed the rare gift of amalgamating classics and mathematics; for in 1660 he occupied the Greek Chair at Cambridge, and two years afterwards was Professor of Mathematics, numbering the great Newton among his pupils. Dr. Samuel Smiles, the popular author of many erudite Biographies, in his "Self Help" says that Isaac Barrow, when at Charterhouse School, was notorious for his pugilistic encounters, in which he got many

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a bloody nose; and he adds, a little further on in his highly entertaining book, that Barrow was so proverbially idle as a scholar that his father used to say, that if it pleased God to take from him any of his children he hoped it might be Isaac, the least promising of them all.

Next in renown after Barrow comes the mighty Joseph Addison. Dr. Johnson, in his celebrated "Life of Addison," quaintly calls Charterhouse the Chartreux; but whether this was the manner of pronouncing it in his days, or whether it was mere whimsicality, it would be impossible to say. The passage runs thus:—"I have inquired when he was sent to the Chartreux; but, as he was not one of those who enjoyed the founder's benefaction, there is no account preserved of his admission. At the school of the Chartreux, to which he was removed, either from that of Salisbury or Lichfield, he pursued his juvenile studies under the care of Dr. Ellis, and contracted that intimacy with Sir Richard Steele, which their joint labours have so effectually recorded."

As Addison was born in 1672, and was entered

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into Queen's College, Oxford, in 1687 (thus being only fifteen years old when he went up to the University), it is quite clear that, if he first went to schools at Ambrosebury, Salisbury, and Lichfield, he could not have been very long at Charterhouse. Probably he was not longer than two years at the London school, and from the mere fact that, as far as I know, he has never mentioned Charterhouse in his essays or literary compositions, I do not suppose that he was much impressed by the place. Had he been happy at Charterhouse, or had he held the old School in much veneration, he and Steele would no doubt have visited it together in after life. But there is no record of such a visit. I like to think, however, that Addison's redoubtable Latin verses, which Dr. Lancaster, the subsequent Provost of Queen's, accidentally perused, and thereupon recommended the author for a Magdalen Demyship, were the product of his Carthusian education. The fact is, in those times, there was no necessity for boys to remain long at a public School; they went up so very early to the Universities. Many young peers and influential country gentlemen actually

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went up to Oxford or Cambridge before they reached fifteen years of age. John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, for instance, entered as a nobleman at Wadham College when he was only twelve years old, and at fourteen he was made M.A. by Lord Clarendon in person. However, whether Addison liked Charterhouse or not, we Old Carthusians are proud of numbering the elegant essayist and gentle poet among our past celebrities. Next to Addison naturally comes Steele. Although he was a decidedly clever dramatist, poor Dicky Steele was no poet, so he never had the honour of being enrolled amongst Johnson's "Lives." It remained for Thackeray to render him memorable for all time. His lecture on Steele is perhaps the best in the "English Humourists." How sympathetically, too, Thackeray draws a portrait of him as Corporal Dick Steele the scholar, in his charming novel, "Esmond." When Esmond was imprisoned in "Handcuff Inn," or Newgate, he was allowed to walk on the roof, whence he could see the Chartreux, where Dick the scholar and Esmond's friend Tom Tusher had had their schooling. Thackeray liked a scamp, there is no doubt

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about it. His three literary heroes are indubitably the three scamps, Steele, Fielding, and Goldsmith. How he revels in Dick Steele, the Charterhouse Gownboy, the Duke of Ormonde's nominee, the thick-set, square-faced, black-eyed, soft-hearted little Irish boy! Thinks he must have been one of the most generous, good-for-nothing, amiable little creatures that ever conjugated the verb τύπτω, I beat, τύπτομαι, I am beaten, in any school in Great Britain! And at last ends his delightful lecture thus:—"We are living in the nineteenth century, and poor Dick Steele stumbled and got up again, and got into gaol and out again, and sinned and repented, and loved and suffered, and lived and died scores of years ago. Peace be with him! Let us think gently of one who was so gentle; let us speak kindly of one whose own breast exuberated with human kindness." Honour, I say, to those generous words; honour, I say, to Thackeray, who, after literary rebuffs and disappointments, could speak so nobly both of the strength and the weakness of the literary men of bygone times.

After Richard Steele comes the prince of

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humourists, William Makepeace Thackeray. I do not know any book that gives a better idea of this Carthusian of Carthusians than Anthony Trollope's capital little work on him for the Morley Series of "English Men of Letters." It seems to me to be a biographical sketch, which is both thoroughly honest and fair, neither fulsome in praise, nor unduly depreciatory in its criticism. In it we learn all that need be learned of the popular novelist, the successful lecturer, the eminent essayist, the clever humourist, and the pathetic and witty singer of social ballads. I will not endeavour to give a synopsis of this biography; but, for the benefit of brother Carthusians, permit me to furnish a few extracts touching his early school-days and his general character. George Venables, Thackeray's friend and school-fellow, writes thus of him:—

"My recollection of Thackeray, though fresh enough, does not furnish much material for biography. He came to School young—a pretty, gentle, and rather timid boy. I think his experience there was not generally pleasant. Though he had afterwards a scholarlike knowledge of Latin, he did not attain distinction in the School;

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and I should think that the character of the Head Master, Dr. Russell, which was vigorous, unsympathetic, and stern, though not severe, was uncongenial to his own. With the boys who knew him, Thackeray was popular; but he had no skill in games, and, I think, no taste for them. . . . He was already known by his faculty of making verses, chiefly parodies. I only remember one line of a parody on a poem of L. E. L.'s about 'Violets, dark blue violets'; Thackeray's version was 'Cabbages, bright green cabbages,' and we thought it very witty. He took part in a scheme, which came to nothing, for a School Magazine, and he wrote verses for it, of which I only remember that they were good of their kind. When I knew him better, in later years, I thought I could recognise the sensitive nature which he had as a boy. His change of retrospective feeling about his school-days was very characteristic. In his earlier books he always spoke of the Charterhouse as Slaughter House and Smithfield. As he became famous and prosperous, his memory softened, and Slaughter House was changed into Grey Friars, where Colonel Newcome ended his life."

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Later on in Trollope's biographical sketch we learn that Thackeray's nose had been broken in a school fight, when he was quite a little boy, by another little boy, at the Charterhouse.

The common notion of Thackeray's character gathered, I must say, from his public writings, and not from personal knowledge of the man himself, was that he was a cynic. Tom Taylor happily reputes this in some exquisite stanzas to his memory in *Punch*:—

"He was a cynic! By his life all wrought
Of generous acts, mild words, and gentle ways;
His heart wide open to all kindly thoughts,
His hand so quick to give, his tongue to praise!

"He was a cynic! You might read it writ
In that broad brow, crowned with its silver hair;
In those blue eyes, with childlike candour lit;
In that sweet smile his lips were wont to wear!

"He was a cynic! By the love that clung
About him from his children, friends, and kin;
By the sharp pain light pen and gossip tongue
Wrought in him, chafing the soft heart within."

Trollope refers to this general belief thus:—"If he wrote as a cynic—a point which I will not discuss here—it may be fair that he who is to be known as a writer should be so called. But, as a man, I protest that it would be hard

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to find an individual further removed from the character. Over and outside his fancy, which was the gift which made him so remarkable, a certain feminine softness was the most remarkable trait about him. To give some immediate pleasure was the great delight of his life — a sovereign to a schoolboy, gloves to a girl, a dinner to a man, a compliment to a woman. His charity was overflowing, his generosity excessive. . . . Such is my idea of the man whom many call a cynic, but whom I regard as one of the most soft-hearted of human beings, sweet as Charity itself, who went about the world dropping pearls, doing good, and never wilfully inflicting a wound."

Charterhouse has got two memorable reminiscences of Thackeray: Old Charterhouse, a votive tablet with becoming inscription to him in the ante-Chapel; New Charterhouse, the bed in which he slept.

I cannot help thinking that Thackeray made a mistake in his writings in always alluding to Charterhouse as "Grey Friars." It is not Charterhouse, but Christ's Hospital (the Blue Coat School), which is, properly speaking, "Grey

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Friars." Readers of this Memoir will perhaps call to mind that John Evelyn, the celebrated Diarist, himself styles Christ's Hospital "Grey Friars." Of course we Old Carthusians rather like the appellation; it sounds pretty and picturesque; but for all that it is an usurpation of title.

Sir Henry Havelock, born in 1795, is, as far as I know, the first Old Carthusian who attained great eminence in the military profession. Prior to his time the most celebrated of boys educated at Charterhouse had been divines, barristers, and clergymen. Three Havelocks, brothers, were at Charterhouse, and all afterwards distinguished themselves as soldiers. Thomas served under Sir De Lacy Evans in Spain, while William, a lieutenant-colonel in the 14th Light Dragoons, was wounded at Waterloo, and eventually killed in action at Ramnugger. Henry, the future hero of Lucknow, was at Charterhouse in 1804. He was the son of William Havelock, an extensive shipbuilder, who, having amassed a large fortune, migrated from Bishop Wearmouth, in the north of England, to Ingress Park, near Dartford, in the south.

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Before the age of ten Havelock was sent to Charterhouse, and placed in the boarding-house of Dr. Raine, the Head Master. There he remained for seven years, and ever afterwards referred to his Carthusian days with pleasure and gratitude. His mother, an excellent woman, had brought him up with religious care, so that his devotional habits accompanied him, and were in nowise relaxed at the London School. With four other boys he used to seek the seclusion of one of the dormitories for religious exercise, and neither opposition nor ridicule would move him to forego these meetings. His disposition, which was not austere, though grave and contemplative, procured for him the sobriquet of "Philosopher," contracted into "Phlos." In 1809 his mother, to whom he was so devoted, unfortunately died, and he returned to Charterhouse to try and forget his sorrow in a closer application to study. When he was in the sixth form Dr. Raine died, and was succeeded by Dr. Russell, a master who seems to have acquired as great a celebrity in a particular way as Dr. Keate of Eton, or Dr. Busby of Westminster. At the close of 1811, Havelock left

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Charterhouse, not greatly enamoured with Dr. Russell's rule. In 1850 he drew up a memorandum of his own career for his friend, Sir William Norris, and in it he thus refers to his Carthusian school-fellows:—"My most intimate friends were Samuel Hinds, William Norris, and Julius Charles Hare. Hinds, a man of taste, and a poet, spent his early years in travelling, married in France, distinguished himself in one of the colonial assemblies of his native island, Barbadoes, at the period of slave emancipation, and died in Bath, 1847. Norris, now Sir William Norris, was called to the Bar, appointed successively advocate-fiscal, or Queen's advocate, puisne judge, and Chief Justice of Ceylon, and successively Recorder of Penang. Hare went to Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1812, graduated B.A. in 1815, and subsequently as M.A., and became a fellow and tutor of Trinity. He is well known to the literary and religious world by his joint translation with Connop Thirlwall of part of the Roman History of Niebuhr, by some volumes of sermons, and several polemical pamphlets. Nearly contemporary with me and the boys just named were Connop Thirlwall,

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now Bishop of St. David's; George Waddington, Dean of Durham, distinguished as a scholar and a man of letters; George Grote, the historian of Greece; Archdeacon Hale, now Master of the Charterhouse; Alderman Thompson, Member for Northumberland; Sir William Macnaghten, the talented but unfortunate envoy at Cabul; the Right Honourable Fox Maule, afterwards Lord Panmure, now Secretary-at-War; Eastlake, the painter; and Yates, the actor."

Havelock was originally designed for the Bar. In 1813 he entered the Middle Temple, and became a pupil of Mr. Chitty, the most celebrated special pleader of the times. His companion at law was Mr. Thomas Talfourd, the author of the fine classical play "Ion." They became fast friends, and spent many cultured and literary hours in one another's society. Havelock pursued his legal studies for a year; but after an unhappy misunderstanding with his father, who had become embarrassed in business affairs, he gave up the Bar, and eventually entered the Army. From this period, 1815, his career has become a matter of history, and it seems only the other day that England received the heart-

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stirring news of the relief of Lucknow, and unhappily shortly afterwards the melancholy tidings of the hero's death from dysentery brought on by exposure and anxiety. The statue of Sir Henry Havelock, erected by a public memorial fund, and standing in Trafalgar Square side by side with Nelson, shows how the United Kingdom appreciated his services. He remains, with Captain Hedley Vicars, of Crimean renown, as an instance of how an Englishman can combine unflinching courage and high military proficiency with devotion to religion and fidelity to his God.

I was a small boy at Charterhouse when the sad news of Havelock's death arrived from India, and I can well remember Archdeacon Hale, then Master of Charterhouse, telling us some particulars of the boyhood of the lamented General. His sobriquet of "Phlos" was especially impressed upon my mind, from the fact that, young as I was, I pictured the boy Henry Havelock walking round and round Upper Green, deep in religious converse with two of his most intimate cronies. Hale told us that it was in one of the studies that Havelock held his

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religious meetings; but I preferred to see him, in my mind's eye, linked arm in arm with his friends soberly perambulating Upper Green.

Martin F. Tupper, poet and man of letters, born on the 17th of July 1810, was the son of an eminent physician in London. He was educated at Charterhouse and Christ Church, Oxford. Many of his contemporaries, who, in conjunction with him, attended the famous Aristotle class under Mr. Biscoe, became very celebrated in after life, *e.g.*, W. E. Gladstone, Lord Lincoln (afterwards Duke of Newcastle), Canning, Bruce (afterwards Lord Elgin), Ramsay (afterwards Lord Dalhousie), Lord Abercorn (afterwards Duke and Viceroy of Ireland), Scott, Liddell, Doyle (afterwards Sir Francis, and Professor of Poetry at Oxford), Wordsworth (afterwards Bishop of Lincoln), Cornewall Lewis (afterwards Sir G. Cornewall Lewis, and Chancellor of the Exchequer), Sidney Herbert (afterwards Lord Herbert of Lea, and War Secretary), and Robert Lowe (afterwards a renowned orator, and Member of the Liberal Government).

Tupper was at one time intended for the

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Church, but the infirmity of stammering rendered him unequal to taking Orders. He subsequently read for the Bar, and was called to that profession in 1835. His impediment of speech, however, caused by nervous fear (for "when alone he could spout like Demosthenes"), debarred him from speaking in the law courts, so, having displayed in early life a decided gift for poetry, he fell back upon letters. While he was at Oxford he tried for two Newdigate Prize Poems, "The Suttees," and the "African Desert," but he failed to win them. In fact, with the exception of Tennyson at Cambridge, and John Addington Symonds at Oxford, I do not know of any winners of University Prizes for English Verse among the distinguished poets of later life. Hartley Coleridge, Matthew Arnold, A. H. Clough, A. C. Swinburne either failed to win or did not write for the much coveted honour. In 1829, Martin Tupper produced the well-known work "Proverbial Philosophy," which passed through many editions. His subsequent contributions to English literature were "A Modern Pyramid," "American Ballads," a translation of the Poems of King Alfred from the Anglo-Saxon, and a large

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number of Sonnets. His latest literary work is an autobiography, "My Life as an Author." It is full of pleasant chat and reminiscence.

Tupper's school-days at Charterhouse, if we may judge from his autobiography, were not particularly felicitous. He comes down somewhat heavily on the Head Master, Dr. Russell, and the other Masters of his time. For instance, of Dr. Russell he writes, "For this man and the School he so despotically drilled into passive servility and pedantic scholarship, I have less than no reverence, for he worked so upon an over-sensitive nature to force a boy beyond his powers as to fix for many years the infirmity of stammering, which was my affliction until past middle life." And of another incident he writes, "What should we think nowadays of an irate schoolmaster smashing a child's head between two books in his shoulder-of-mutton hands till the nose bled, as I once saw." And again, "Or in these milder times when your burglar or garrotter is visited with a brief whipping, what shall we judge of the wisdom or equity of some slight fault of illness or ignorance being visited with the Reverend Doctor's terrible sentence,

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'Allen, three rods, eighteen, and most severely.'" Whether this be so or not, I cannot help thinking that after the lapse of so many years (sixty at least), when experience of life with its multiform vicissitudes softens all asperities, Martin Tupper might have looked back on those Carthusian hours with a clearer and kindlier light. How many of us could allow memories of the past so to rankle within us as to declare, as Tupper declares, that "if ever Russell was made a Bishop, I would desert the Church of England!" Naturally, one's school-days are not all honey; but in the retrospect of the trying time of pupilage one likes to forget the bitter in the greater enjoyment of the sweet.

There is a passage in Tupper's autobiography which will strike all Carthusians of later times as strangely peculiar. I allude to the practice of playing at hoops. Tupper says, "Another play-ground peculiarity was that after the hoop season, the hoops, usually driven in duplicate or triplicate, were 'stored' or 'skied' into the branching elms, from which they were again brought down by hockey-sticks flung at them." I had heard of this pastime when at Charter-

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house; but I never could realise that it was a serious game among her former alumni. In fact I could not understand then how any amusement could have been evolved from it, and I formed an idea that the games in past times must have been shockingly childish. But on maturer reflection, I supposed, and suppose still, that these hoops, driven in pairs, might become a species of Olympian game, and most exciting accordingly. Was there not a statute (well known and ridiculed in my time) in the Oxford Book of Undergraduate Law, that no undergraduate was to play marbles on the steps of Queen's College? I forget how the Latin sentence ran (indeed my scholarship has become so dim that I do not even remember the Latin word for marbles), but that was the gist of the ordinance. What might not have been considered childish a hundred years ago has certainly a puerile ring now! Perhaps the white crown on the smoke-begrimed wall on the east side of Upper Green had something to do with the ancient game of hoops! There was a tradition among Carthusians that "Crown" memorialised the spot where Crown Inn formerly stood, and

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that Lord Ellenborough when a boy painted the words in white on the wall.

George Grote, D.C.L., F.R.S., was the son of George Grote of Badgemoor, Oxfordshire, a banker in London, and was at Charterhouse between the years 1804 and 1810. He was for some time a clerk in his father's house of business. He devoted himself in early life to literature and politics, and in 1832 was elected Member of Parliament for the city of London. In 1842 he resigned his seat to devote himself exclusively to his great work, the "History of Greece." While he was in the House of Commons he showed himself an advanced Liberal, but made no very great mark as a speaker. His "History of Greece" was a marvellous literary production, exhibiting a profound knowledge of the political and inner social life of the ancient Greeks. Few histories, ancient or modern, have been more universally admired than this. No scholar went away from a perusal of it unimproved. Grote's other writings of note were "Aristotle," "Plato and other Companions of Socrates," and fragments on Ethical Subjects. He died in 1871.

Other celebrated Old Carthusians are Lord

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Ellenborough, a distinguished law lord; Sir Stephen Blackstone, a celebrated legal authority, and author of the "Commentaries"; John Wesley, the noted founder of a religious sect; Archbishop Manners Sutton; Bishop Connop Thirlwall, author of the well-known "History of Greece"; Lord Panmure, a noted statesman; Sir Astley Cooper, a famous physician, Bernal Osborne, a popular wit, and Member of Parliament; Julius C. Hare, a distinguished critic and writer; Sir Henry Storks, K.C.B., once Governor of Malta, and Under Secretary for War; F. T. Palgrave, author of the "Golden Treasury of Song," and Professor of Poetry at Oxford; Frederick Yates, a celebrated actor; Sir Charles Eastlake, President of the Royal Academy; Sir E. H. Alderson, Baron of the Exchequer; Sir Cresswell Cresswell, Judge of the Probate and Divorce Court; Sir Charles Du Cane, a Lord of the Admiralty, and Governor of Tasmania; Sir G. J. Turner, Lord Justice of Appeal in the Court of Chancery; Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, K.C.M.G., Governor of Natal; Sir Edmund Lechmere, M.P.; A. P. Saunders, Head Master of Charterhouse, and Dean of Peterborough; Sir J. Drummond Hay, H.M.'s

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Minister at Morocco; Canon G. E. Jelf; Henry George Liddell, Head Master of Westminster, and Dean of Christ Church, Oxford; the Earl of Bessborough; Dr. Farre, Physician-Extraordinary to the Queen; Hunter Rodwell, Q.C. and M.P.; T. C. Cobbold, M.P. for Ipswich; Horatio Waddington, Under Secretary of State, Home Department; John Ernest Bode, author of "Ballads from Herodotus"; Dr. Edward Elder, Head Master of Charterhouse; Dr. George Currey, Master of Charterhouse, and Prebendary of St. Paul's; Canon Richard Elwyn, Head Master and Master of Charterhouse, and Canon of Canterbury; Edmund Lushington (the Poet-Laureate Tennyson's brother-in-law), Senior Classic, and Professor of Greek at Glasgow (his marriage is beautifully alluded to in the latter part of "In Memoriam"); Archdeacon Palmer, fellow and tutor of Balliol College, Oxford; Dobson, Head Master of Cheltenham College; Professor R. C. Jebb, Professor of Greek at Glasgow and Cambridge, and author of several most literary and scholarly works; Professor H. Nettleship, Professor of Latin at Oxford; G. J. Blore, Head Master of the King's School, Can-

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terbury; R. Brodie, Head Master of Whitgift School, Croydon; E. C. Talbot, Warden of Keble; Sir R. E. Webster, Q.C., the Conservative Attorney-General and M.P.; Thomas Mozley, an eminent *littérateur;* John Murray, the celebrated publisher; Sir Courtenay Boyle, K.C.B., Secretary of the Board of Trade; Kenneth Augustus Muir Mackenzie, Q.C., C.B., Secretary to the Lord Chancellor.

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CHAPTER VIII

MISCELLANEOUS

EADERS no doubt long ere this have been surprised at the scant mention of scholarships in these pages. A natural question to ask is, Where did Charterhouse stand among Public Schools in the matter of learning? It is a very debatable question, a question open to much diversity of opinion. If a Public School boy is touchy about anything, he is touchy about the education which he received at school. In after-life when he has reached the maturity of manhood, he is frequently liable to underrate it; but while he is in *statu pupillari* he has a horror of thinking modestly of his fostering mother. He attributes, and attributes rightly, all shortcomings to himself, and not to the tuition. He blames himself for laziness, for want of application, for physical incapacity. Reflecting upon the past, I

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candidly think that Charterhouse, considering her paucity of numbers, acquitted herself well. At the period of which I am writing she was essentially a classical school, and though, with a few exceptions, she did nothing extraordinarily brilliant at the Universities, she rarely failed to figure satisfactorily in the Honour Schools of Oxford and Cambridge. Her most famous scholars of latter times were undoubtedly Richard Claverhouse Jebb, Henry Nettleship, George John Blore, Robert Brodie, M. Champneys, Basil Champneys, Walter de G. Birch, Edward Stuart Talbot, Edward Ross Wharton, George Alcock, J. Butter, Frederic Kennedy Wilson Girdlestone, and Reginald Walter Macan. A most promising scholar she unfortunately lost in Joshua Watson Churton, who became a scholar of University College, Oxford; but he died before he took a degree. Few Public Schools produced such finished, elegant, and sound scholars as Professors R. C. Jebb and Henry Nettleship. Charterhouse was strong in its classical books, in the works of the Latin and Greek authors; but I fancy it was stronger in its composition. Latin Verse of all kinds, Latin Prose and Greek

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Iambics, were, I imagine, its forte. And yet between the years of 1850 and 1865, I cannot call to mind any Carthusian who won the Chancellor's Prize or the Newdigate at Oxford, or the principal Latin and English Verse at Cambridge. A wonderful stimulus to composition was given by the existence of what was called a "Write-out Book." If a piece of composition happened to be extraordinarily well done in the sixth or upper-fifth forms, the writer was told by the Head Master to inscribe it in the said book. This tome was kept as the apple of the Head Master's eye, and it was considered a mighty honour to have a copy of Latin or Greek verse perpetuated therein. The composition, moreover, counted as a double "Bene," thus considerably augmenting the author's score towards winning "Bene Books" or composition prizes at the end of term. Charterhouse was never much of a mathematical school, although Baron Alderson was Senior Wrangler in 1809; Dr. Currey, fourteenth Wrangler in 1838; and Sheppard, Senior Wrangler in 1884. Mathematics were a subject for which few Carthusians showed any great aptitude. Good mathematical scholars in my time

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could be numbered on the eight fingers, and I never heard of a really high-class Wrangler coming from the dear old place. In past times classics reigned supreme. English History and Literature were well taught, finding many admirers of the subjects. Science was in its infancy. An elementary education in chemistry did duty for this. Philosophy was at a discount. The names of Kant, Bain, Whately, and John Stuart Mill would have struck dismay in all our juvenile hearts. German was beginning to be imparted to the higher grades of the School; but it was a language which received so little favour that it appeared like a flower struggling with difficulty above the soil. The French Masters were undeniably efficient, and it was a boy's own fault if he made no progress in the language. Monsieur Alphonse Mariette, brother of the great French Egyptologist, who was the French Master in my day, and succeeded Monsieur Brasseur, was a thorough gentleman, a most painstaking teacher, and a profound and clever linguist. One of my pleasantest reminiscences of Charterhouse is the recollection of this courtly and kindly Master. His "Half-

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Hours of French Translation," which has gone through several editions, is quite a standard work on the French and English tongues. The majority of Carthusians went up to Oxford, not to any one college in particular, but fairly well spread over the University. I do not know why it was, but Charterhouse always seemed to prefer Oxford to Cambridge. A goodly sprinkling of boys, however, went to the latter University, Trinity College perhaps getting the most distinguished of its alumni. There were two exhibitions in augmentation of exhibitions from the Charterhouse at University College and Worcester College, Oxford, founded by Lady Holford. They were an agreeable acquisition to Gownboys proceeding to Oxford. There was also a Talbot Scholarship competed for at Charterhouse during Cricket Quarter; but of what value it was, or whether it could be enjoyed at either Oxford or Cambridge, I am not able at present to remember. Among Old Carthusians who have become Head Masters of large schools, or Heads of colleges, may be named G. J. Blore, Head Master of the King's School, Canterbury; R. Brodie, Head Master of Whitgift School, Croydon; and E. S. Talbot, Warden of Keble College, Oxford

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Every Public School has, so to speak, its dialect or "argot" peculiar to itself. Though Charterhouse may not have had such an extensive glossary as Winchester, it nevertheless possessed some very strange words. Most of these, after the lapse of so many years, it is rather difficult to remember. To "inform," or, in private school parlance, "to sneak," was to "show up"; a flogging was called either a "swishing" or a "fligging"; a cluster of boys suddenly and excitedly assembled in the playgrounds was termed a βουλή (Greek word for council); a "swinger" (*g* pronounced softly) was a box on the ear; a "rabbiter" was a blow on the neck with the hand held diagonally; a "boner" was a blow underneath the top part of the arm when twisted round; a flannel waistcoat worn next the skin was styled a "hasher"; cake was always "he"; "sog" served as sovereign (20*s.*); to "box" a thing was to confiscate; a foot-pan was always "tosh-can"; "rounds" were two cuts off a loaf for toasting purposes; a "beever" was a small square portion of bread allowed after the rounds had been eaten; a "rouge" was a football squash; "squish" sig-

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nified weak tea; to "mug" meant to read diligently; "clean straw" signified clean sheets; "cocks" was always the lavatory. There was a word, stranger than any of these, which meant the power to deprive a boy junior to you in the School of any coveted article on the breakfast, dinner, or supper table; but I cannot for the life of me remember it. Often a superior cut of mutton or an attractive plate of tart was wrested from my astounded gaze by this arbitrary infraction of the laws of "meum" and "tuum." This extraordinary privilege, however, was only exercised in the lower forms. Was the word "bunk"? By Hercules, I believe it was. "Tomkins, I bunk you of that fork," seems to come back familiarly to my mind. Upon my life, boys are a queer compound!

When the School was determined to remove into the country, it was a matter of deep regret to me that she did not fix her place of residence near the Thames. Everybody with the smallest powers of ratiocination could see that she was bound to treble her numbers in a few years, and, therefore, while she was about it, she might just as well have made herself a boating as well as

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a cricketing school. Of course I here speak as a lover of pastimes, and not in any way antagonistic to learning. A school, *imprimis*, should be essentially educational. There was no particular reason why the authorities should have chosen the neighbourhood of Godalming. As regards sites, it may be undeniably healthy. If any unhealthiness exist, it is no doubt the fault of the defective sanitary arrangements of the buildings, and not of the surrounding country. But quite as healthy a site might have been chosen at no great distance from the Thames, say, between Weybridge and Chertsey, or between Pangbourne and Wallingford. Charterhouse could never have clashed with Eton, inasmuch as her charges for education are considerably less than those of the latter school; nor would she have conflicted with Radley, because Radley with its High Church basis has a following peculiar to itself. Some people may aver that too many pastimes injure the educational life of a school. It may be so, although I cannot myself lay down any decided, positive opinion in the matter. I do not see that boating can interfere with the educational career of

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a school any more than Volunteer rifle-shooting, or the all-absorbing modern pastime of lawn-tennis. Has boating materially interfered with the educational well-being of Eton, Westminster, Radley, Cheltenham, Shrewsbury, and Bedford? Indeed I am disposed to think that Westminster, since she has discontinued to figure prominently on the river, has considerably lost her prestige as a Public School. Perhaps, therefore, I may here express a hope that, if ever she should follow the example of Charterhouse and remove into the country, she will establish her habitat near a substantial river.

The new Charterhouse at Godalming, I believe, is very proud of its Rifle Corps. At various times it has figured successfully at Wimbledon for the Ashburton Shield. Indeed it won it four times in succession. This is as it should be. Anything that tends to develop the physique of boys, besides giving them accuracy of eye and dexterity of hand, must be a benefit not only to the School but to the boys as well. They go up to the Universities smart and well-set-up young men. Moreover, setting aside motives of patriotism and the usefulness of drill, should the boys

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hereafter choose the Army as a profession, it is infinitely better for them to go out and blaze away at butts than loll over the fireside reading light literature. In the olden days the establishment of a Rifle Corps made but slow progress. The movement was in its infancy. England had not become impressed with the value of its citizen soldiers; the Volunteer system was still labouring under a certain amount of ridicule. Our Charterhouse Corps never mustered many members in spite of the trouble and zeal shown to raise it. There was plenty of space available for drilling both in fine and wet weather. In the latter case the quadrangles about and around the Pensioners' quarters afforded excellent cover. Had the movement attained any height, the Volunteers would no doubt have been permitted either to go down to Wimbledon or to use a nearer range in the east of London for shooting. It is amusing to think what our uniform would have been. In those crude days some marvellous toggery or other would have been turned out. Was there anything more hideous than the uniform of the Oxford University Rifle Corps about the year

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1864? By-the-bye, in the chapter on Cricket Quarter omission has been made of the colours of the Eleven. They were a pink cap, pink belt, and white flannel trousers and shirt. Similar colours existed for the Football Eleven.

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CHAPTER IX

LONDON CHARTERHOUSE THREATENED

IN the beginning of 1886 the outside world was suddenly startled by an announcement that the Governors of Charterhouse desired to sell a portion of the London estate, for the supposed benefit of the Pensioners. It was intended to dispose of one or two of the minor courts, without destroying the more notable historical buildings of the place. With the removal of the School to Godalming, and the purchase of a large area by the Merchant Taylors School, a considerable piece had already been lopped off. The fresh proposed curtailment would naturally have circumscribed it still more. It appears that the income of the institution had long been falling off on account of the prevailing depression in agriculture. Whether or not a sufficient sum, considering the enormous value

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of property in the heart, as it were, of the Metropolis, had been already given by the Merchant Taylors, may be still a question to many. Anyhow, Charterhouse was evidently desirous of obtaining more money to carry on the purposes of the Hospital satisfactorily. Both the Press and the public took the matter up warmly. Rightly or wrongly, there was a feeling that a place of vast historical interest was going to be horribly disfigured, if not totally annihilated. Among the results of the contemplated sale would possibly have been the dispersion or disbandment of the old Pensioners, who were to continue to receive the full benefits of the Suttonian charity, but were to seek a fresh roof-tree wherever their fancy led them. Most Old Carthusians, it seems to me, would regret even the partial disappearance of the old place; but I am certain that the regret would be intensified were any expatriation of the Pensioners to take place. The latter could not well follow the fortunes of the new School at Godalming. To recolonise them in Surrey, however comfortable they might be made in housing them, would after all be but a dreary existence. Their presence would be

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almost an anachronism among the new surroundings of the Surrey hills. And a rural existence I cannot but think would be unconscionably dull. It is questionable whether to live where and how they pleased would make them happier. Old men like *camaraderie*. They are delighted to sit and gossip together. At London Charterhouse they are well looked after; they have excellent and carefully warmed rooms; they have the gratuitous benefit of sound medical attention; they are always certain of having well-provided, well-cooked meals; they are able at times to go out and visit their friends; above all, they enjoy a saunter about London—in London there is life, amusement, excitement. They feel themselves indissolubly linked to old Charterhouse, her ceremonies, her successes, and her interests. In a word, they consider themselves a body of men under a species of divine ægis. Disbanded, what would they be like? Would they not be simply a set of scattered, isolated units? Left to themselves, how innocently they might become the prey of designing relatives or friends! How easy would it be for the people with whom they lived to withhold much of the

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Suttonian charity, many of the Suttonian advantages. And how could Charterhouse conscientiously see and know that they were in the full enjoyment of the Hospital's benefits, if scattered over the face of the United Kingdom? As long as London Charterhouse possesses a few acres left, they ought to adhere to the old establishment: to transplant them would be like tearing away the ivy from an ancient wall. It is impossible to say what will be the end of London Charterhouse in the distant future. Old things must change and give place to new. Landmarks of antiquity must, I fear, make room for inexorable progress. It is astonishing what even a quarter of a century will do for ancient buildings. They vanish "glimmering through the mist of years." Let us hope that a long life is still in store both for "domus" and her Pensioners in the old place near Aldersgate. To return, however, to the proposed sale. Oddly enough, when the Charterhouse Bill came before Parliament, it was the Liberal or rather the Radical section of the House which most strenuously opposed it. The antagonists of old laws, old customs, old residences, old remi-

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niscences, of everything, in fact, that smacked of Toryism, voted ardently for the maintenance of an ancient monastery, an ancient ducal residence, an ancient charity, and the ancient offspring of an ancient loyal subject. *Macte tuâ virtute*, Liberal section! With you to the fore, we may save London from being totally Americanised yet! With you to the fore, our posterity may still proudly show their children the places where the historical celebrities of the past lived, and moved, and had their being!

Sir Richard Webster, an Old Carthusian, and Member of Parliament for the Isle of Wight, in moving the second reading of The Charterhouse Bill, stated "that it had been passed by the House of Lords, approved by the Charity Commissioners, and had received the sanction of the Attorney-General. The object of the measure was to enable the Governors of the Charterhouse to dispose of part of their London property without injuring the ancient buildings to any appreciable extent. The income of the institution had been falling off for some years past, owing to the prevailing depression in agriculture, and the Governors were therefore unable to carry on

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the Hospital under present arrangements without an annual loss. After carefully considering their position, and having taken the best advice possible, they had decided upon introducing this Bill, under which four acres of their land in the Metropolis would be sold for building purposes, and for the construction of a new street and public garden."

Mr. W. H. James, who described the proposals of the Bill as in the nature of barbarism and vandalism, moved the following amendment:— "That, in the opinion of the House, it is inexpedient to abolish the Hospital founded by Thomas Sutton in the London Charterhouse, to mutilate a most interesting relic of old London, and to cover with buildings a considerable area of open ground in the heart of the Metropolis, in order to reconstruct a charity which in its present form carries out the intention of the Founder, and has not been shown to be unsuitable to the needs of the present day, or to have given rise to abuses."

Mr. R. Chamberlain seconded the amendment, which was supported by *Mr. Norris*.

Mr. J. Talbot said, "that the scheme which

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was now proposed was a mere matter of absolute necessity, unless they were prepared to sacrifice the essential objects of the Founder, and reduce the number of Pensioners. He was glad to observe the Conservative spirit which had so suddenly arisen on the benches below the gangway opposite. (Laughter.) The Governors had done all they could to preserve the archæological and antiquarian features of the Charterhouse, and at the same time to carry out the wishes of Sir Thomas Sutton. He regretted very much the necessity of this measure, but under the circumstances he hoped the House would have confidence in the Governors of the institution."

Lord Lymington complained "that it was a great perversion of the trust that the Charterhouse School should be used by the children of the rich rather than of the poor. He believed economy could be introduced in the expenditure on that branch of the charity." He supported the amendment.

Sir E. Lechmere urged "that the House should be satisfied, before sanctioning the proposals of the Governors, that they would make provision for the aged Pensioners, the successors

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of Colonel Newcome, by erecting suitable almshouses for them."

Mr. Story-Maskelyne believed "the feeling of the House was in favour of the rejection of the Bill."

Mr. Courtney "had the greatest respect for the motives of the Governors, who thought that by selling the portion of the land around the Charterhouse they could, whilst maintaining the building, realise sufficient money to keep the number of Pensioners. Before the separation of the School and the Hospital about two-thirds of the funds were apportioned to the Hospital, and one-third to the School; but when the latter was removed they were divided half and half. If two-thirds were still devoted to the Hospital, the same number of poor brethren could continue to enjoy its benefits. Every stone should be turned before the House of Commons should give its approval to an interference with buildings which were of the greatest historical interest. (Hear, hear.) He suggested what he thought would be an ideal solution of the question—that an attempt should be made to obtain the purchase of the ground surrounding the Charterhouse, for the purpose of

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public gardens. If the Bill were withdrawn, some method of arriving at that happy settlement of the difficulty might be devised."

Sir R. Webster thought "that many honourable Members were desirous of snatching a division against the Bill without understanding the real facts of the case. (No.) The statement that the old buildings were going to be destroyed was absolutely without foundation. If this scheme were inquired into by a Select Committee, he felt sure that the wisdom and judgment of the Governors would be abundantly vindicated."

Mr. Bryce remarked "that although much of these ancient buildings would remain untouched by this scheme, their character would be completely altered. The sides of the court would be pulled down."

Sir R. Webster, interrupting, said, "that was not the fact. An archway would be constructed at each end, and a road would run through."

Mr. Bryce maintained "that there was an alteration in the character of the buildings. (Hear, hear.) Those who visited the Charterhouse to see one of the monastic buildings of four centuries ago would find its characteristic features destroyed.

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In London there remained but few memorials of our mediæval life, and he trusted the House would not assent to the scheme embodied in this Bill."

Mr. Beresford-Hope moved the adjournment of the debate, "in order to afford honourable gentlemen an opportunity of acquainting themselves with the real facts of the case. He shared the desire to preserve these venerable remains."

Lord R. Churchill seconded the adjournment.

Mr. Talbot supported the adjournment because it would enable the Governors of the charity to meet and consider the suggestions made by the Chairman of Committees.

Mr. Story-Maskelyne thought "that was a reason why the Bill should be rejected altogether."

Mr. W. James "charged the right honourable gentleman opposite (Mr. Beresford-Hope) with wilfully wasting the time of the House." (Order.)

The Speaker: "I do not think the term 'wilfully wasting the time of the House' is a Parliamentary expression." (Hear, hear.)

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Mr. W. James: "Then I will withdraw it, Mr. Speaker, and will say 'unintentionally wasting the time of the House.'" (Cheers and laughter.)

The House divided—

For the Amendment	99
Against „	198
Majority against	99

The Amendment and the Bill were then by leave withdrawn.

Such was the account of the debate in *The Daily Telegraph*, and it may be of interest to all Carthusians to know that Sir Richard Webster, Mr. J. Talbot, and Sir E. Lechmere, who spoke on that occasion, were former pupils at the School. And thus Apollo, in the shape of Mr. Leonard Courtney, preserved the Charterhouse! At least, *pro tempore.*

Many excellent suggestions have been thrown out from time to time as to the purpose to which old Charterhouse might in future be devoted, if it were really necessary for it to pass into alien hands. One person suggested that the city of London should buy it to turn it into a permanent east-end Museum. Another, that the Bishop of

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London might be induced to get rid of his palace at Fulham, and establish himself at Charterhouse as a more central diocesan residence. Another, that it should become the habitat of the Church House proposed to be founded in commemoration of Her Majesty's jubilee. Of course, to many minds fond of speculating an *avenir*, sundry other purposes occur. A town mansion for the Lord Mayor, for instance! New Law Courts for the City! A new University for a particular branch of Science! A kind of Pleasure-ground for the inhabitants of the neighbourhood! But what its actual future existence will be nobody can possibly foretell. At the present rate of the wholesale demolition of ancient buildings in London, one might say that a century hence it will be in the melancholy condition of Cheops, and that not a pinch of dust will remain of it. Charterhouse was very grateful to Merchant Taylors School for buying a large portion of the estate, and enabling her to remove to Godalming; but it is open to conjecture whether Merchant Taylors will not hereafter be sorry for the purchase, and whether, after all, she will not be obliged, like St. Paul's School, to sell out lock, stock, and

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barrel, and remove to more congenial pastures elsewhere, among the vast outlying skirts of the Metropolis.

Before I conclude this Memoir, I will transcribe some capital verses which appeared in *Punch* anent the proposed sale of the Carthusian property. Should the author happen to see them, I beg him to grant me indulgence for their insertion here.

"FLOREAT ÆTERNUM CARTHUSIAN DOMUS."

Who'll save the grand time-honoured place
  By brick and mortar bounded,
Who with destruction would disgrace
  The home that Sutton founded?
'Twas here that centuries ago
  The Friar's patient order,
On land on which one rose would grow,
  Laid out their modest border.
The simple fee he bade them bring
  Mild monks to noble lessor,
One English Rose for England's King,
  One Mass for the Confessor.
Gone are the landmarks of the School,
  Old London's heart delighting,
Where Richard Lovelace played the fool,
  And Crashaw took to fighting!
Past with the Charterhouse away,
  Wit, Soldier, and Debater;

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Gone our Leech and Thackeray,
  Who loved their Alma Mater.
Gone Russell's, Saunders', Elder's days,
  Gone memories of Comus,
On Founder's Day, the Speeches, Plays,
  Carthusiana Domus.
And must the ruin fall as well
  On cloisters, courts, and grasses;
Will progress hush the Chapel Bell,
  Destroy the tombs and brasses?
May Charterhouse behold no more,
  In Chapel dimly lighted,
The black-gowned brothers lads adore,
  The "Codds" that boys delighted?
Blest shades of Addison and Steele,
  That round the buildings hover,
The home where wits have knelt, and kneel,
  Destroy not, but recover.
This silent corner of the town,
  Green-girdled, still, oasis,
The home of gentlemen in gown,
  Of love and light the basis!
Here in old Hall have swelled the list
  Great names—the world should know it:
Moncrieff, the famous dramatist,
  And Heraud critic-poet.
There in the evening of his days
  Dwells one whom silence mellows,
Morton, the Maddison of Plays,
  Best Box and Cox of fellows!
There rest the present with the past;
  Do not destroy—restore them!
And "Adsum" they will cry at last,
  As Newcome did before them!

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With humility and diffidence I lay these my "Reminiscences" before my brother Carthusians, and, with heartfelt thanks and gratitude for all that the School did for me, wish her a long and prosperous career at Godalming, while to all Carthusians, past as well as present, who happen still to be able to cry "Adsum" on this earth, I exclaim, *Vivite atque valete.*

E. P. E—W.

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CHAPTER X

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF MODERN CHARTERHOUSE

IT is now rather more than twenty years since Charterhouse School was transplanted from the soot and turmoil of Smithfield to the green fields and quiet country of south-west Surrey. No one can doubt the benefits of the change; and the success which has now for years attended the School in every path of life bears eloquent testimony to the wisdom of the step. It was, indeed, a bold stroke, and one for which its originators deserve all possible commendation. In the face of determined opposition and the gravest responsibility, they never allowed their determination to waver, or their zeal to flag; but having put their hand to the wheel, they right nobly carried their purpose through; they dared to shake off the dust of antiquity, and to leave

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behind the traditions of two and a half centuries, and seek fresh woods and pastures new hard by the quaint, old-fashioned town of Godalming. Now that the School has risen to a pinnacle of fame which she could never have reached in the tainted atmosphere of the Metropolis, they must indeed view their work with a sense of proud satisfaction and complacency.

No one will, we imagine, carp at their choice of a site. Nature herself might have designed the elevated plateau on which Charterhouse stands for the especial purpose of accommodating a large school.

Perched high up above the valley where meanders the sluggish Wey; close, yet not too close, to a thriving little town; easily accessible from London—Charterhouse can claim a situation second to no school in the kingdom. A visitor would get the most favourable first impression if he were conducted, not by the usual approach up Sandy Lane, but along Pepperharrow Road to the lower entrance by the Swimming Bath. He will pass through a handsome gateway, which, however, would be more convenient were it set at a somewhat different angle, and may perhaps

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consider the Swimming Bath worth inspecting. A little higher up the hill, on the left-hand side of the road, he will see the Racket Courts, on which Charterhouse justly prides herself, both for the excellence of the courts themselves, and the success which her representatives in this branch of athletics have of late years achieved.

And now the hill grows steeper, for, like Parnassus, the summit of the Carthusian hill cannot be gained without a struggle; but the visitor can halt, if he will, and admire the wooded slopes which almost shut in the road at this point.

In a few minutes he will pass by the Rifle-range, which is an immense boon to the young rifle-shot, as, although only a 200 yards range, it is within three minutes' walk of the armoury, so that the ardent marksman can get almost daily practice.

Presently the topmost towers of Charterhouse appear rising above the wooded brow of the hill, and after passing the Fives Courts one comes almost suddenly upon the most imposing view of the School. The road emerges almost into the midst of Founder's Court, composed of the Head Master's house on the left, Gownboys'

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in the centre, and the Chapel on the right. The court is some 80 yards square, and its green turf offers a pleasing contrast to the sandstone buildings. The attention is at once concentrated on Founder's Tower, which is in the centre of Gownboys, and rises to a height of 150 feet, deriving its name from the statue of Thomas Sutton, which stands in a niche, about 100 feet from the ground, a fitting position to view the doughty deeds of those who owe so much to him; and one might well imagine that his face might be wreathed with a smile of satisfaction at the success which has crowned the efforts of those to whose lot it has fallen to carry on the great work he so worthily began.

But let us inspect the Chapel, which, though not of any especial artistic merit, is not unpleasing to the eye. It is built with a long nave flanked by a sort of raised wing, almost amounting to a gallery. The reredos at one end and the organ screen at the other will at once catch the eye, and attention may also be called to the east window, the gift of Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria.

The organ is possessed of a beautiful tone, but its mechanism was somewhat defective, until

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some years ago when a large sum was expended in renovating it: the difficulty of blowing so large an instrument efficiently has also been at last satisfactorily solved.

Some beautiful oak panelling on the left-hand wall will repay notice: it has recently been placed there in memory of a Carthusian, who, after an honourable career at Charterhouse, was cut down in the heyday of his youth, to the great grief of his many friends.

The seats are arranged in blocks, each block being presided over by a Master, who duly notes absentees, and sends in their names to their respective House Masters. The centre block on each side of the nave is occupied by the choir, who are thus in an admirable position to lead the singing, though perhaps rather far from the organ. The stained-glass windows around the Chapel were raised by contributions from the different Houses.

Leaving the Chapel, the next point of interest is the Cloisters, and at their entrance will be found a host of names with the date of leaving affixed to each. The most remarkable features here are the arches of old stones brought from

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London in '72; and the names of many celebrities will at once catch the eye, as for instance W. M. Thackeray, and R. E. Webster, the late Attorney-General. Any Carthusian who has honourably and creditably accomplished his school career has a right to have his name inscribed here, and the space is rapidly becoming circumscribed.

Passing on along a somewhat sombre passage, and leaving "Verites" on the right, and "Gown-boys" on the left, we come to the Library, which is certainly quite one of the most distinctive features of the place. Few schools can boast of such a fine library, and in many cases its use is restricted to a portion of the school; but at Charterhouse there is no such restriction, and the Library is open to the whole School for a large portion of each day. The building itself is lofty and handsome, lighted by two large sunlights, and warmed by a massive stove, which stands in the centre with a clearly marked border running round it, within which no one is allowed. There are two rows of tables on which most of the daily papers, periodicals, and magazines are to be found, so that the building answers the double purpose of a library and reading-room,

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while it is also used for French and English debates. Here, too, we shall find any trophy which the School representatives have won, and though the Ashburton Shield is at present away on—we hope—a temporary visit elsewhere, the Public School Racket Cup will be found adorning one of the book-cases, as it did last year; we only hope that another win next spring may make it the permanent property of the School, and a fixed ornament of the Library. The Library was immensely augmented some years ago by the munificence of Mr. Allan, who presented a large number of books—some four thousand, we believe. A very interesting collection of original drawings by the celebrated Leech stands in the left-hand corner, and will amply repay inspection: they are, of course, especially interesting to Carthusians, inasmuch as Leech was himself at Charterhouse. Altogether, Charterhouse boys are lucky to possess and have free access to such a splendid fund of amusement and information as the Library.

On the left of the main entrance to the Library is a square "quad" called Scholar's Court, with cloisters on three sides of it, where are to be found the various notice-boards relating to

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athletics, Rifle Corps, and School matters in general, the fourth side being occupied by a block of class-rooms. In one of the latter is to be found a grim relic brought from the old London School, namely, the "Swishing-block," which is still in use, though, of course, times have changed, and it is not so frequently requisitioned as in the "good old times." Still, of course, "swishing" is not unknown, and there is great competition to obtain even a small fragment of the Swish, which may be found strewing the floor after an execution. In the Cloisters there is also to be found a well-appointed Armoury, and one can often hear the words of command and the rattle of rifle-butts on the stone flooring.

Opening out of the Library is the Great Hall, devoted to entertainments, for which purpose it was mainly built, though it is also employed for the no less instructive but less agreeable functions of "Call-over" and examinations. It has been used for dancing, but we are told that the floor is somewhat heavy going. This Hall is a splendid room, and an immense boon to the whole School. Every Saturday evening in the winter terms an entertainment of some sort or

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other takes place, and as the room comfortably accommodates the whole School, the long winter evenings are rendered cheery and bright; for when "locking-in" is at 4.30, few boys can amuse themselves till nine o'clock without getting bored, or as often as not getting into mischief of some sort or other.

The seats are divided into lettered blocks, and tickets given out accordingly; those who have previously performed being entitled to the best block, the others taking the chance of the lot, and great is the rush on the first Saturday of each quarter to obtain front seats, which are, of course, kept for the remainder of the quarter. The acoustic properties of the Hall were at first somewhat defective, but this has been in great measure remedied by various means, and as a rule performers can be heard clearly from the back seats. The walls are decorated with pictures, among which a life-like portrait of the present Head Master stands out conspicuously. By an elaborate arrangement of shutters and sliding-doors, the Hall and Library can be thrown into one, and the effect produced by these two spacious rooms when united is quite imposing. On Sun-

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days, too, there are frequent concerts of sacred music, which to the musically inclined are a source of great enjoyment. Another function takes place in the Hall, which engenders perhaps as much enthusiasm as all the others put together: we allude to the prize-giving after the athletics are over. The applause given to a popular and successful athlete is something to be remembered, and will, we are assured, ring in the ears of some Carthusians for many a long year to come, while the final cheers for the Head Master and Mrs. Haig Brown are calculated to test the best of roofs.

On either side of the Hall, and built into it, are commodious class-rooms, including the Sixth-form Room, where we spent many happy hours, where, perhaps, we sometimes slumbered on those hot summer afternoons, impervious to the jokes of Aristophanes or the subtle beauties of Theocritus.

On the left of the Hall we find two class-rooms consecrated to the pursuits of science, teeming with Bunsen burners, batteries, crucibles, and the other paraphernalia of the craft. A well-appointed laboratory is attached, and boys who have a taste for this branch of learning are given every

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facility and assistance. Our recollection of science ("stinks," I fear, we called it, even at Charterhouse) is, many experiments, much amusement, and, alas, little solid knowledge; but we must own to never having had a great penchant towards chemistry. Attached to the laboratory is a dark room for photography, which has a considerable hold in the School, and is undoubtedly an excellent occupation and recreation for those who are debarred by physical reasons from active exercise.

Beyond the science rooms there is a pile of buildings, completed quite recently, consisting mainly of class-rooms; but besides class-rooms there is a lecture-room, used chiefly for afternoon lectures on various subjects of science and art, which lectures take place on winter afternoons after locking in.

Perhaps the feature of these buildings is the beautiful Museum, consisting of two bright, cheerful rooms, well lighted and well ventilated, containing a varied and interesting collection. The old Museum was in the Cloisters, and was seldom entered, the study of arrow-heads and mummies not being particularly seductive to the ordinary

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run of schoolboys. Now all is altered. Some four years back Charterhouse and some interested neighbours purchased a most delightful collection of stuffed birds and other zoological curiosities, collected almost entirely in the neighbourhood of Godalming. This collection is most attractive, and having been carefully arranged and catalogued by the indefatigable efforts of a present Carthusian Master, leaves little to be desired. We do not wish to imply that this natural history collection comprises the whole Museum—far from it; there are other curiosities in abundance, including some beautiful gold coins, also carefully catalogued; but it is the chief point of interest, and one which, of course, appeals more especially to boys, and may serve to stimulate not a few in the pursuit of natural history, a pursuit which lends interest to every country ramble, and furnishes a constant source of pleasure and recreation to the observant. Close by the group of buildings containing the Museum stands a workshop where boys can obtain instruction in carpentering; the Carthusian calls this the "Fug-shop," which is scarcely a complimentary term. The site of the Museum block was originally, in

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fact quite recently, occupied by a wooden structure known as barn, and in it the entertainments were held; it was a rickety building, and in each of the many class-rooms round it the voice of any neighbouring Master was only too audible when raised in exhortation or reproof, whilst at odd times day was rendered hideous by the efforts of beginners on all kinds of wind instruments. How "barn" stood so long and braved the winter storms of our hill is a mystery; but stand it did until its day was done, and a more suitable and worthy building was provided.

But as regards the Boarding-houses, of which there are eleven. There are three Houses only in the main School buildings: Saunderites, so called from a previous Head Master; Gownboys, the Scholars' House, now only so in name; and Verites, which, we believe, has its derivation in the name Oliver, though only the last syllable has survived the attacks of schoolboy brevity. These three Houses are called the "Block-houses," the other eight being dotted about in close proximity to the main portion of the School, the furthest being a short quarter of a mile distant. A good view of the majority of them is obtained by approaching

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Charterhouse by the usual route from Godalming, and the position of some, notably of Bodeites and Hodgsonites, is quite commanding, perched as they are on the verge of what may be almost termed a precipice; they look as if a push would send them flying into space; but we believe there is no immediate danger of such a catastrophe. The Houses are mostly termed after the names of their House Masters, but as a rule they do not change with them; so Pageites will be Pageites for ever, though Mr. Page has long ceased to hold sway there, and is now Master of Hodgsonites, which will be Hodgsonites till the end of time or of Charterhouse, which events we trust will be coincidal, despite the fact that Mr. Hodgson died years ago, as may be seen by the memorial tablet in the ante-chapel which bears his name, a name respected by all those who knew him.

Let us penetrate into one of these schoolboy haunts, and see briefly what sort of abode the present Carthusian has.

Near the entrance will probably be found the buttery, which turns out a prodigious quantity of eatables every day, and very good they usually are. Next we shall probably find the Upper

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School Room, or "Hall" as it is called, which is reserved for the use of boys in the sixth and fifth forms; here very likely we shall find a glass case with a challenge cup in it, or possibly two, if the House be an athletic one. In "Hall" is the House Library, well stocked with all the newest novels, addition to the stock being made by the boys themselves, who have complete control over the funds, the House Master, however, reserving the right of veto in the case of extravagance or any unsuitable purchase. The walls are probably decorated with groups of successful cricket or football elevens, or winning racket pairs, while over the chimneypiece there will almost certainly be found an engraving with the subscription, "Thomas Sutton, Esquire," to remind Carthusians of how much they owe to their munificent Founder.

Opening out of "Hall" will be "Long Room," or "Writing School," as it is called in some Houses, which latter name would seem to imply but very elementary knowledge on the part of its inhabitants. All round the walls are rows of neat cupboards, each with its temporary owner's name clearly marked. Each boy has a key, and

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no two keys are alike; in it he keeps his books, and anything else which the limited space permits of. There is an upper table on a slightly raised portion of the room, which the Upper School occupy at dinner, and probably two other long tables to accommodate the rest of the House. The inevitable Thomas Sutton figures over the mantelpiece, and possibly his bust decorates the top of the cupboards over the Uppers' table. This bust is in some Houses decorated in cap and gown on the morning of Founder's Day; though we remember one occasion on which some jocular Old Carthusians, led, we regret to say, by a present Master of the School, arrayed him otherwise than in academic costume, and the House were dismayed next morning to find their revered Founder "sporting" a blazer and flannels, and wearing a black moustache.

But let us scale the stone staircase and investigate the dormitories. Most Houses have two sets of "cubicles," one above the other, which are arranged side by side, with a long passage down the middle, and though somewhat circumscribed, they are exceedingly comfortable, and as the partitions do not nearly reach the ceiling, are

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much more healthy than small rooms could ever be. In each House there is also a Monitor's room, and of course a bath-room, and each boy is bound to have a hot bath at least once a week.

It is obvious that a building constructed for the special purpose of accommodating some fifty boys cannot aim at any great external beauty; but on the whole the Charterhouse Houses are not unsightly, and their picturesque positions, dotted about as they are on well-wooded hills, tend to increase this effect.

But we have spent enough time indoors; let us take a stroll on Upper Green—the School Cricket-ground. This is a smooth plateau facing Verites and the School Chapel, in front of which runs a terrace some two hundred yards long. The plateau is studded with fine oaks, excepting, of course, the actual playing area, and few cricket-grounds can be found which combine such excellence with such charming surroundings. A neat pavilion is situated in an unobtrusive, perhaps in a too unobtrusive position, and on a bright summer's day the scene is most attractive, and calculated to convey the most agreeable impression to any one who is getting his first view of

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Charterhouse; to us Carthusians there are few spots which have more pleasing recollections or dearer associations. Nature has indeed lavished her beauties with no niggard hand on the hill Carthusian, and art has done her best not to dispel the charm.

The new Cricket-ground is also fair to look upon, though it cannot claim such a magnificent position as Upper Green. Its fine stretch of some twelve acres is generally occupied by some ten games, and, as may be imagined, the scene is animated to a degree; while a neat little pavilion, the gift of the Old Carthusian Club, is by no means a disfigurement.

On the side of the hill on the way to the Rifle-range and Racket Courts are the Fives Courts, eleven in number, which are extremely useful if not highly ornamental, and alongside of them are three asphalt Lawn-tennis Courts, which it must be admitted are a disfigurement, and out of place at a Public School. The Eleven Football Ground too cannot be styled sightly, being in fact a mere arid waste between the Fives Courts and the Chapel; grass there is none, though a few weeds do dare show their heads in the "close season,"

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only to be ruthlessly trampled under foot when the "twenty-two men" start work again in September; but this is unavoidable, as the sandy soil cannot be expected to stand the wear and tear of almost incessant football from September till April.

All round Charterhouse there are signs of carefully thought-out planting. Every bare spot that might prove unsightly, every building that might be an eyesore, will soon be well covered, and the number of spruce firs and evergreens that have been put in of recent years is by no means inconsiderable. The whole of the steep bank which faces Godalming is thickly covered by undergrowth, relieved at intervals by oaks, and the view of Charterhouse from the neighbouring hill above Godalming is most effective. One stands on the brink of what is almost a precipice; below lies the old and now thriving town, through which the sluggish Wey slowly meanders, while across the chasm the eye falls full on the green Cricket-ground, and passing on, rests on the massive School buildings. The scene is quite worth the sharp climb necessary, and those who have not viewed Charterhouse from this position will find themselves amply repaid for the exertion involved.

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THE TOWERS OF CHARTERHOUSE · GODALMING

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For country walks the neighbourhood is well-nigh unrivalled, abounding as it does in every sort of scenery, and in spring time the ornithologist has a chance of collecting some prizes, despite the increasing vigilance of keepers and irate farmers, who think that a schoolboy intruder must necessarily be a ruffian in disguise. What Carthusian does not know Easling Mill with all its rustic charm; one of the most pleasing spots perhaps in the pleasant valley of the Wey, which is high praise indeed; and few of us, we venture to think, failed to extend our Sunday afternoon rambles to Pepperharrow Park. If one loved the moorland waste, with its purple heather and yellow gorse, there was Hind Head to be visited, and the Devil's Punch Bowl to be viewed, though this expedition constituted a somewhat lengthy Sabbath day's journey. We must call attention to the excellent position which the School occupies as regards the town of Godalming, being situated just near enough for purposes of trade and ordinary communication, but at the same time being quite distinct from it, so that the evils which occasionally result from schoolboys having free access to a town are in no danger of arising;

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while the benefit conferred on the townspeople by the proximity of the School is obvious and undoubted. We fear the above will convey but a poor idea of one of the greatest schools in England; but if we have succeeded in persuading the reader that Charterhouse is worth a visit, both on account of itself and its surroundings, we shall be well satisfied.

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CHAPTER XI

EVERYDAY LIFE AT CHARTERHOUSE

HAVING thus endeavoured to make the reader *au fait* with the principal features of interest in the Modern Domus of the Carthusian, we will now do our best to convey to him some idea of the everyday life at Charterhouse, though we fear such a description will of necessity contain many apparently trivial details. But it is of such details that the life at a big school is composed; and trifling as they seem when viewed again through a vista of years, or calmly surveyed by those not personally interested in them, at the time they made up our little world, and caused us as much care and anxiety as the more momentous questions of later life.

We think we may claim for life at Charterhouse that it combines freedom without licence; and that, while allowed the liberty necessary to the

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development of his character, the Carthusian is so far under restraint and supervision as to minimise the chances of his going astray or failing to attain what all must regard as the real object of Public School life—*mens sana in corpore sano.*

At a quarter to seven the Carthusian is rudely awakened from his slumbers by the discordant clanging of the house-bell, wielded by that indefatigable individual, so indispensable to his comfort, the butler. One would have thought that the noise thereby produced would suffice, like John Peel's view holloa, "to awaken the dead," but it is not so, and the old adage, that familiarity breeds contempt, is exemplified by the way one can sleep through all this unmoved. Occasionally the bell-ringer is interrupted by the appeals of those who desire exemption from early school, to "stop out," as it is called, and the butler conveys their names and complaints to the impartial ear of the House Master, with varying result, the answer "No, Sir," or "Yes, Sir," being awaited with breathless suspense, especially by those who, counting on the latter response, have neglected to learn their "repetition." We fear sore throats and bad colds are often only synonyms for idleness the

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night before, though the confirmed idler is generally well known, and finds a corresponding difficulty in evading early school.

At seven o'clock the second bell is heard, which is a signal for general rising, though we must confess that many leave it till even later before they quit the downy, and prefer to scramble into their garments after ablutions perforce somewhat cursory and perfunctory.

About 7.20 the punctual boy makes a start for Chapel, which is the first duty of the day, having previously, perhaps, partaken of some light refreshment at the buttery, consisting in summer of milk and biscuit for those who think they cannot hold out till breakfast, and in winter of coffee and the same hard biscuit. It is now that greed and sloth have a hard battle to fight; the boy who is blessed, or rather cursed, with both vices is placed on the horns of a dilemma. Shall he get up and have his coffee? Or shall he lie abed a few moments longer and abjure food? We take it, sloth, as a rule, wins the day, and our friend arrives downstairs with but five minutes to get on his boots and reach Chapel. Woe betide him if he fails to reach his place by 7.30, as punishment

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sure and certain awaits him—punishment that varies from an Iliad to an hour's extra school, according to the severity or leniency of his House Master. Ourselves never incurred the penalty, which in our House was the maximum; but remember several friends who paid for a few minutes of extra ease in the morning with several days of severe work, till, laying down a well-worn quill at line 824, they inwardly vowed never again to risk being late for Chapel.

After the service of about twelve minutes' duration the different Forms separate to their respective class-rooms, and having struggled through repetition or verbs in "mi," or some such schoolboy bugbear, are set at liberty for breakfast at 8.30. What appetites we all had, and how we used to fight for places round "Long Room" fire, toasting-fork and rounds of bread in hand; how we burnt our faces and our toast, and enjoyed the pleasures of anticipation till the buttery was open and we were able to secure our "eggs and rashers," or "sausages and potatoes," or whatever delicacy the chief butler was pleased to provide us with. How well we remember those huge tins of marmalade into which we used to dive.

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Breakfast over in Long Room, the Under School had various occupations. The busy Fag was to the fore, toasting his Monitor's toast, while others polished plates, forks, knives, and spoons for the fortunate Uppers, who breakfasted in Hall at nine o'clock. Three Fags a week are told off to wait on them and minister to their wants, and this number is supplemented from time to time by those who for various petty misdemeanours have incurred the well-merited wrath of the Monitors.

However, at about 9.20 they are released from their arduous duties, and with the rest of Under School proceed to their work at 9.30. Upper School, their inner cravings appeased, are now at liberty to feast their minds on Homer or other delights of the industrious schoolboy, and are not called on to expose their ignorance, or, let us hope, show their knowledge till some three-quarters of an hour later.

At 10.30 Under School enjoy a well-earned breathing space, and during this interval, which is of a quarter of an hour's duration, one of the most animated scenes of the whole day ensues. Those who are confident that they will satisfy their Masters next school fly to their Houses for

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biscuits or other light refreshments, for the Carthusian is a hungry soul—the air, we suppose; others let off their pent-up feelings in various boyish ways; but the vast majority may be found in the Library anxiously putting the finishing touches to their "construes," and the boy who can and will give a good "con" to his friends is the centre of an admiring and attentive throng. Of course all who can are not equally willing to impart their knowledge, and occasionally pressure has to be brought to bear on the clever boy of the Form, who is unreasonable enough to consider that he and he alone should profit by the industry of the previous night and the blessing of a larger share of brains than his fellows. Such a bigoted and egotistical frame of mind is, however, scarce enough, and the stupid or the idle can generally pick up a fair idea of the lesson from their more gifted friends, and so save being "turned" in the next school; those who come in for this disgrace being for the most part the self-satisfied or callous, who, considering their own ideas as necessarily right, neglect the opportunity of revision, and calmly produce the most blood-curdling translations to their own discomfiture

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and the immense amusement of the rest of the class.

The next school is of one and three-quarter hours' duration; somewhat lengthy perhaps, were it not often devoted to more than one subject, and frequently spent in different rooms. There is nothing like a change of scene to refresh the flagging attention, and the boy who was nodding over his Homer, as we are told the great master himself occasionally did, may find a change and not unfrequently amusement in the natural science class-rooms, or in listening awe-struck to the polished Parisian accent.

Our recollections of the science hours are still vivid. The counter with its Bunsen burners, and all the paraphernalia of the laboratory; the experiments with blue litmus that turned green, and green litmus that turned blue, all are still imprinted on our memory as if they had but yesterday been before our eyes. We can see before us the assistant holding at arm's length a crucible or perchance a glass bottle filled with some deadly explosive, and handed to him with the reassuring phrase—addressed to the class—"This experiment is distinctly dangerous." The instructor would then

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apply a light or some other mode of ignition to the explosive, and the experiment would be usually consummated by a deafening explosion, much to the terror of the timid assistant. He deserved the Victoria Cross, so often was he under fire.

But this is a digression, though it will perhaps serve to show how the long morning school is rendered less monotonous than it would otherwise perhaps be.

We fear the study of French did not attract most of us, nor is it ever tasteful to the average schoolboy. He is not sufficiently acquainted with the language, as a rule, to appreciate a clever story, and very often regards it merely as a means to pester him with grammatical rules and irregular verbs. We are afraid too that often master and boys are not really in sympathy, which is not altogether unnatural, nor altogether the fault of the parties concerned. There is unfortunately a traditional dislike to French and Frenchmen at many of our great schools; a dislike which is handed down from one generation of schoolboys to another, and accepted with that blind unreasoning readiness which so often characterises boys. This is, we fear, more or less the case at Charter-

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house, though, of course, there are boys who are sensible enough to see the value of the language, and to regard a French Master in some other light than an hereditary foe to be "scored off" if possible; feelings which cannot fail to make a reality of what was merely a groundless supposition. Be this as it may, the French hour is not one which has great charms for the average Carthusian, who often leaves it with one or two hundred lines and an hour's extra school hanging over his head, as often as not the result of some pure misunderstanding between master and pupil.

At 12.30, then, morning school is over, and in winter the various football-grounds present an animated appearance, as each is occupied by from thirty to fifty boys busily engaged in "run about," while various other groups are occupied in the more leisurely but by no means less instructive amusement called "punt about." "Run about" is the name given to a sort of scrambling game of football, with no fixed sides, in which every one plays forward, and plays entirely for himself, and it is thus in great measure that the Carthusian learns to dribble skilfully. Those who aspire to

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become good backs will patronise "punt about," which is simply kicking the ball as high and as far as possible whenever it comes your way, the use of hands being strictly prohibited.

While these amusements engross the majority of the School, some few enthusiasts may race off to the Racket Courts, distant about three hundred yards from the main buildings, for a short half-hour's practice, returning breathless and hot to dinner at 1.15. A good wash and brush up are *de rigueur* before dinner, the last five minutes in "Cocks"—in the lavatory—being reserved for Upper School, and then dinner is begun, after the Monitor for the week has read the fixed grace, which is inscribed on a grace-board kept hanging on the wall by the upper table. Hungry as the Carthusian generally is, little time is cut to waste over dinner, the craving for fives, football, or other recreation, subduing for the time the baser appetites, and twenty minutes will generally suffice to see the meal ended. No one, however, is free to go before the Monitor has read the grace after meat, which is also inscribed on the afore-mentioned grace-board, together with some short prayers, including one for the Royal Family, the

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latter being, however, reserved for state occasions, such as Founder's Day.

After dinner a rush ensues, all except the loafer making haste to "change," some in their studies, and others in a room provided for the purpose, called "Boot Room," a name which carries its own explanation. Football generally begins at 2.10, and lasts till 3.30; but it is needless to say all do not play, some preferring fives, rackets, or even lawn-tennis, whilst the sharp crack of the martini rifle shows that there is a range close at hand. This is exceedingly convenient, for the ardent marksman can take his rifle, proceed to the range, and fire his seven shots comfortably in the short space of half an hour.

But there is another class which must not be passed over in silence; this must be held up, not for imitation, but for ridicule and execration. We refer to that genus known as the professional loafer. It is scarcely necessary to say where he spends most of his time, or whither he wends his way, wet or fine, hot or cold. He will be found at the School "Tuck-shop," known as "Crown," from its sign. There he may be seen busily supplementing his ample dinner, stuffing himself

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with "Stodgers," "Three Corners" or "Young Hes," or engaged in an animated dissertation on the respective merits or demerits of gum prunes and caramels. He is a disgrace to any form of society; but he abounds even at Charterhouse, and the only thing to be said for him is, that his money is not really wasted, for all money made at "Crown" is devoted to School purposes, and though it may seem strange, it is true nevertheless, that the loafers of successive generations have built the Racket Courts; indirectly, of course, but the fact remains, and serves to exemplify the saying, "'Tis an ill wind that blows no one any good." We may remark *en passant* that squash rackets, fives gloves, and balls for both games can be obtained at "Crown," so that any one who makes a bee line for "Crown" after dinner need not necessarily be classed as a loafer or gormandiser.

After football a wash and a change, and we are ready for school at four, which lasts for two hours, and is divided at five by a change of subjects, and generally of class-rooms. Twice in the week too the second hour is devoted to choir practice; while non-singers, for we cannot all be swans, are indulged with equally easy work of various descriptions.

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By six o'clock the jaded Form Master has seen the last of his boys for the day, and they have separated, sometimes with mutual feelings of satisfaction, till the following morning. Back to their Houses is now the order of the day for most; but some have band practice, or possibly rifle corps drill, to occupy them till 6.30, at which hour Under School make their last meal; and a hearty one it is too, the exercise and open air of the afternoon having provoked a wonderful and fearful hunger in most cases. Much the same scenes are enacted as at breakfast. There is the same eager crowd round the fire, the same appeals of "Post te" toaster, "Post te" place; groans from some unfortunate youngster whose nearly finished round has dropped into the fire; followed by a visit to the "Hatch" of the buttery, and a triumphal return with bloaters or some equally appetising plateful. Then succeeds the busy clatter of knife and fork, to be interrupted only by expeditions to the buttery for butter, jam, &c. Their hunger appeased, the Fags again have the same duties to perform, that all may be in readiness for Upper School tea at seven o'clock.

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That function over by about 7.30, it is time for Under School to do their preparation for the morrow, which they do under the supervision of a Monitor. This process lasts for an hour and a half, and is called "banco." The scholiasts have much disputed about the derivation of this peculiar word; but we will not enter into such trivialities nere. The whole of Under School take their seats round Long Room tables, and do their best to unravel the various difficulties associated with mathematical exercises and the Greek tragedians, while the unfortunate Monitor has to do his best to keep order, and assist the ignorant and idle. Now it is not every boy who has the tact or influence to keep adequate discipline among some forty schoolfellows, some perhaps his equals in age, and his superiors, possibly, in physical and athletic attainments. It is true he can inflict various punishments for misdemeanours, such as extra drill during breakfast time, extra toast or extra fagging in Hall; but these will not suffice to keep the unruly in check unless backed up either by popularity or force of character; and we have known Monitors who were deficient in all these respects, and

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whose "bancos" were consequently as often as not scenes of riot and disorder.

There is a supreme punishment which the Monitor can inflict in extreme cases, subject always to an appeal to the House Master. This is the old and useful punishment of the stick, known at Charterhouse as "cocking up," and if properly administered, it is no laughing matter. The culprit is required to bend over till he has reached the most desirable attitude for the operation, and then receives 6 or 8 cuts with a stout stick—an ash plant for choice—delivered with the full swing of the arm by the Head Monitor; for he alone is allowed this privilege—if such it be. As late as 1885 a vile custom existed in some Houses known as "swingering," which was nothing more or less than a box on the ear; only, being deliberately delivered at a stationary object, and done next morning in cold blood, it was much more severe than many might suppose. It was voluntarily discontinued by the Monitors in consequence of its undoubted ill effects in certain cases, as, though the writer can vouch for its not having caused any particularly great pain at the time of infliction, it was

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occasionally followed by earache or temporary deafness, which was, of course, not its object by any means. However, as we have said, this relic of barbarism died a natural death some years ago, and the Monitors were left with "cocking up" as their sole corporal punishment for extreme cases of insubordination.

But we left our Monitor with his hands full, keeping what order he best could, and at the same time doing sums, giving "construes," and in fact doing his best to see Under School through their evening's work. He will probably have had enough of it by five minutes to nine, when the welcome bell will put an end to his labours, or rather afford him a brief respite from them. Then at nine came prayers, consisting of a roll-call read by the Monitor, each boy answering "adsum" to his name; then a short selection from the New Testament, followed by prayers read by the Master. We fear we must plead guilty to having occasionally removed the marker from the passage selected, which caused no slight embarrassment to the reader.

Prayers ended, Under School to bed is the order of the day, and they are allowed twenty minutes

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to get to bed; and to prevent football or pillow-fighting being indulged in, the Monitor again has to exercise his vigilance.

This naturally is no easy job, as there are probably two sets of cubicles, and his disappearance from one set is generally the signal for a disturbance of some sort or other in the set he has just left. Pillow-fighting is undeniably attractive, and so too is football with a well inflated sponge-bag, and many a good game of both is indulged in by the young Carthusian despite the vigilance of the hard-worked Monitor. We remember one occasion on which, owing to the sudden appearance of the House Master, the "football" was unfortunately left in the middle of the dormitory, a silent though eloquent testimony to what had been going on. This ill-fated sponge-bag caused much suffering, for as no one laid claim to having deposited it where it was found, the whole dormitory found themselves condemned to two hundred lines apiece, Greek lines too, with breathings and accents, and to be done before the expiration of twenty-four hours. On the Master's disappearance many mutual recriminations were indulged in, but where so many had partaken in

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the fun, it was scarcely fair or to be expected that one should voluntarily make himself a scapegoat; and what are two hundred lines to the nimble and well-trained fingers of the average schoolboy? We rose early next day, perhaps at 5 o'clock, and by Chapel, at 7.30, we had cleared them off, and could go forth to the work and play of another day with clear heads and clear consciences, for a schoolboy seldom thinks he is to blame for such an occurrence.

Well, at 9.20 the House Master makes his rounds, good-night is said, and lights are turned out, and the weary can go to sleep, though few do so. Talking is not prohibited, and events of the past and prospects of the coming day are freely canvassed. Woe betide any unfortunate boy who is addicted to the vile and abominable habit of snoring. Water, boots, soap, and other missiles are freely used, and the habitual snorer seldom gets much repose till his immediate neighbours have preceded him to the realms of dreams. New boys, too, are generally required to tell a story, a ghost-story preferred, as suiting the hour, or maybe to sing a song; but, their numbers being limited, these performances are generally concluded within

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the first week. If any one interrupts a story he is immediately silenced by a chorus of "Row tale," a curious expression, inasmuch as "Row" means "Keep quiet," and this phrase partakes of the nature of a *lucus a non lucendo.*

We must confess, however, that more stirring scenes are enacted in the dormitories, especially if the House Master be out, or supposed to be out; the fallacy being sometimes fatally demonstrated, as the following story will serve to show. The boys of a House, imagining that their Master was safely out of the way, agreed that the event must certainly be celebrated by festivities of some kind, and a small and early "hop" was fixed on as the most suitable means of diversion. Music was provided by a Carthusian, who subsequently has made his mark in fields of sport and the sterner fields of real warfare. This worthy, perched on the corner of a convenient cubicle, fired his comrades with the stirring strains of a concertina; while others who preferred music to dancing ably seconded his efforts by an accompaniment on the comb—a most effective and inspiriting instrument in the able hands. The giddy dance was at its height, the music at its best, when, to the horror

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and amazement of all, the House Master entered. It was a case of *sauve qui peut:* each made for his cubicle at top speed; while the musician fell from his aerial perch into the cubicle he was astride of, fortunately alighting on the bed. Punishments were dealt out with no sparing hand, and the musician was sentenced to produce a neatly written Georgic—about four hundred and fifty lines—by the next evening. But he was determined not to be balked of his pleasure next day, and managed to write the whole of his task under his bed during the night, having borrowed writing materials and candles from a neighbouring study. In such a cramped position this took the greater part of the night, and the games he was determined to partake in must have proved labour and sorrow to him.

But while Under School have been telling stories, talking, or sleeping, Upper School have been working hard—or possibly reading novels, or otherwise refreshing weary brains—for they are not required to turn in till 10.30. On winter nights some of us must confess to having frequented the warm and cosy Matron's room, possibly with tales of colds or coughs, but often enough with the

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avowed object of getting warm; for the air blows keen on our Charterhouse plateau. But at 10.30 all to bed is the order, with the exception of the Monitors, who, being in a responsible position, are compensated by being allowed lights in their room till any hour; and sometimes it used to be any hour when we were engrossed in some thrilling fiction—or possibly had left our work till the last available moment.

We well remember a dreadful mistake made by a fellow Monitor one dark night. Our House was haunted by a troop of cats. Now, I believe it is part of a boy's nature to detest cats; there is something so cunning, so creepy-crawly about a cat, which is averse from all boyish ideas of the fitness of things. Be this as it may, we were always deadly enemies of these cats, and willingly sacrificed candles, or even, I regret to say, soap, in the vain endeavour to score off them; I even remember one boy who hurled a full and unopened tin of sardines at one in a vain effort to do it grievous bodily harm. Well, this particular night was dark, and the Monitor, looking out, saw what he took to be an all too confiding cat sitting demurely on the doorstep, which happened to be

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situated directly beneath his window. This was indeed an opportunity not to be neglected, and a moment later the whole contents of his water-jug were launched into the air with an accuracy only too deadly. The aim was true enough; but, instead of a form fleeting silently into the nearest cover, the cataract of water was answered by an unmistakably feminine shriek. It was the butler's wife, who was sitting patiently on the doorstep till her lord and master should have finished his arduous duties and be free to escort her home. A few moments later and the enraged butler put in an appearance. He was a big man, and the Monitor quailed before him, and with soft words strove to avert his wrath. He did at length succeed in doing so; but he took good care not to repeat his error.

Before our times at Charterhouse, and soon after the migration to Godalming, the School buildings were infested with rats, which by their numbers and audacity caused no slight terror to nervous boys. In fact a friend of ours only lately told us how a rat ran over his brother's face one night, to his great dismay and consternation. There is also a story told how a certain unprepossessing youth betook himself to his House

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Master one morning with rueful countenance, and lodged a complaint against the rats, in that they had wilfully and maliciously bitten him in the past night: it is also reported that he received but scant sympathy. "What! you bitten by rats!" said the Master; "rats are not such fools." Anyhow, there were numbers of the vermin in every House, and they were with difficulty got rid of.

Rabbits were also numerous on the hill Carthusian, and were admirably suited by the sandy soil; but they did not long survive the attacks of the boys, who were then allowed to keep ferrets, which some of them actually did in their cupboards in Long Room. But the coney is now nearly as rare around Charterhouse as the dodo or great auk, and ferrets with their all too distinctive odour no longer haunt Long Room.

The half-holidays at Charterhouse are on Wednesday and Saturday, and Saturday evenings in winter are occupied with entertainments of every kind in the great Hall, specially built for the purpose. Theatricals, thought-reading, concerts, assaults-at-arms, and recitations—all have their turn, and these "entertas," as they are called, are certainly a most attractive feature of life at

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Charterhouse. They combine the minimum of expense—five shillings a term being the charge—with the maximum of amusement, and all Carthusians should be and are, we hope, profoundly grateful to those who provide them with such excellent amusement during the long winter's evenings.

In summer Saturday evenings till 9.45 are spent on "Green," where the brass band discourses music to an admiring throng: while afternoon school is from 2.30 till 4.30, so that the cricketer may escape the burning noonday sun. This is an excellent arrangement; but the hour and heat are alike highly conducive to slumber, and we can ourselves recall most amusing scenes when some slumberer in the sixth form has been suddenly called upon to construe. Of course we ourselves were never guilty of such a heinous offence; but it did happen occasionally, whether due to the heat or to the soothing effects of a chorus of furies, or frogs.

Sunday is a real day of rest at Charterhouse, as there is only half-an-hour's school, 2 to 2.30, and with no "adsum" till 5: this allows the energetic to take long rambles in the charming

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country round, or to take the air on the Hog's Back. We know few districts where any one who appreciates country rambles will be better able to enjoy himself, and it is impossible to imagine more charming surroundings for a great school. There is only one restriction on the pedestrian: he may not cross the railway, *i.e.*, he may not go into the town of Godalming, which slight bar to his wanderings is no cause for complaint. Besides school, he has to attend two services in the School Chapel—in the morning at eleven, and the evening at seven; so that Sunday is a very light day's work for the Carthusian.

His usual dress is a plain black coat, and trousers of any description, which is surely a sensible compromise between allowing the youthful mind to satisfy its loud tastes in the way of garments, and compelling it to submit to dress coats or some such relic of the dark ages. Out of School he may wear coloured coats or the School blazers; but to wear "sporting" coats—for so anything but the orthodox black is called—is only affected by those who have obtained some athletic standing in the School, and these latter are also allowed to wear their caps "swagger,"

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i.e., peak foremost, the common crowd wearing it peak behind, and consequently on the back of their heads, which is frequently manifestly absurd; but absurdity is frequently the essence of antiquity.

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CHAPTER XII

ATHLETICS AT CHARTERHOUSE

IN dealing with the subject of athletics at Charterhouse since its removal to Godalming, it is only natural to begin with that branch of athletics at which the School has made itself the greatest reputation, and at which it has won most distinction. With this criterion the difficulty of choice vanishes, for Charterhouse has been called the "Home of Association Football," and we hope presently to show that this is not only an empty name, not merely a vain title, but one which has been fairly earned and honestly maintained.

Why Charterhouse should excel at this particular branch of sport it is not easy to say. The simplest reason is to say that it is the traditional game of the Carthusian; that he is expected to play football, and that he therefore does so. But

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possibly other reasons can be found more real and less fanciful. In the first place, there is no other winter game; hockey was tried, and failed; so the Carthusian depends upon football to provide him with his staple amusement for two whole terms, varied, of course, by occasional games of fives if he be so disposed. Thus he naturally attains to a greater degree of skill than if his experience were limited to one term only. Again, who could devise or imagine a soil more suited to the game: mud or slime is unknown, and the heaviest day's rain will find the football grounds in perfect condition on the morrow; while the absence of turf and mud prevent frost having much effect.

Whether the above statements are reason or mere imagination we leave to the reader. Be this as it may, the fact remains that Charterhouse and football are inseparably connected, and that to have been in the Charterhouse Football Eleven is a sort of passport in the athletic world.

That football has been most successful among Carthusians can be most clearly demonstrated by the following figures: since the migration to Godalming the School Eleven has played 375

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matches; of these 255 have been won, and only 74 lost. These figures speak for themselves. It may sound strange, but it is nevertheless true, that there is no such thing at Charterhouse as compulsory football, or at any rate no such thing is recognised. Of course pressure is occasionally brought to bear on the smaller boys, especially if they show any promise; but, for the most part, boys are allowed to "gang their ain gait" in the matter of athletics, and naturally they choose that for which they have the greatest aptitude. At Charterhouse there are strangely no "house-clubs," properly speaking, though there are so-called "house-clubs" made by the amalgamation of two or three Houses, exclusive of the first four Elevens. These "house-clubs" elect their own captain, who makes up all the games—no easy task—and does his best to enforce attendance at them—also a difficulty, seeing that he can scarcely hope to know all the boys in the three Houses which may be under his supervision.

The first four Elevens, or rather those who are left in them from the preceding season, play on "Big Ground," where also School matches are played, and which is probably the fastest ground

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to be found anywhere, owing to the light soil and the almost total absence of grass, except in the very corners. Though each House, as we have before stated, has not its separate ground, yet there is a House competition, which naturally produces the keenest rivalry and the most intense excitement, the cheers and counter-cheers being simply deafening at times. In marked contra-distinction to the enthusiasm aroused by these House matches, we must note the apathy displayed at School matches, which can be with difficulty explained, and which is certainly most discreditable to a school where football is everything.

The great event of the season is the annual match with Westminster, which is played on alternate years at Godalming and Vincent Square. It is a case of do or die in this match; and a victory lends a lustre to an otherwise unsuccessful season, while defeat goes far to discount even a long series of previous successes. The statistics of this annual encounter show Charterhouse to have a long lead, as out of 24 matches played they have won no less than 16, while of the remainder 3 have been drawn, leaving Westminster with only 5 wins.

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The heaviest defeat either way was in '89, when Charterhouse scored 8 goals to their opponents' none, a dose which they repeated in '90, and that too on their opponents' ground; and as they have not been defeated since then, their football star may be fairly said to be in the ascendant.

The fixture card at Charterhouse is a very heavy one, over twenty matches being played each season, and it is quite possible that this large number is responsible for the lack of enthusiasm. The most successful year the School has ever known was in 1881–82, during which season the Eleven played 16 matches, and won them all. This Eleven included the best known player of modern times, W. N. Cobbold, besides such well-known performers as T. W. Blenkiron, A. M. Walters, and A. K. Henley; so it was indeed a strong side.

Perhaps the crowning success of Charterhouse football was in 1881, when Old Carthusians defeated the Old Etonians in the final of the Football Association Challenge Cup, an exploit which we fear they will never repeat. They made a good show, however, in several subsequent years,

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notably in 1886, when they fought their memorable match with Preston North End at Kennington Oval. It was a glorious match. The Northerners had consented to play on Wednesday, though they would if successful have to play West Bromwich Albion on the Saturday following: to defeat the Southerners would, they said, be a mere exercise canter; but half-time arrived with no score to either side, and when Cobbold sent the ball flying through the right-hand corner of the goal, well out of reach of the dark-visaged Wharton, famed on the running track, there went up a shout that must have made the gasometers tremble. Unfortunately the Prestonians succeeded in getting a goal before time, and, in the extra half-hour prescribed by the Association authorities, superior condition told its inevitable tale, and the Northerners put on the winning goal. But their "walk over" cost them dear, and the gruelling game they had played found them so stale on the Saturday that they succumbed to Bromwich Albion. We fear that the present Old Carthusian team is not quite up to that standard, though it is fairly strong in all points of the game, and at present quite one of the best

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—if not quite the best—of Southern clubs. This has been recently exemplified by their gallant win in the Amateur Cup; and their victory was immensely popular both with the general public and with the large number of Old and Present Carthusians who undertook the journey to Richmond.

As regards individual players, the best known to present footballers, or rather modern footballers, is W. N. Cobbold, who has only recently given up the game. His captaincy of the Cambridge Eleven was brilliantly successful, and they were the first team to introduce the present system of three half-backs and short passing into the South, or at any rate they were the first to perfect it. In Cobbold's time at Cambridge Carthusians were greatly in evidence on the football fields of that University, and Amos, Blenkiron, and A. M. Walters were hardly behind their captain.

The names of the brothers Walters are household words in the football world, and it was a treat to see them at their best. They clearly demonstrated the fact that combination in the back division can be reduced to a fine art just as much

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as forward, and their combined play even against the best of forwards was simply wonderful. They played together for England against Scotland in 1885, '86, '87, '89, '90; but in 1888 an unfortunate accident kept "A. M." out of the field.

Two sterling players represented Charterhouse in the seventies in the persons of W. R. Page and E. H. Parry. Those who frequently saw Page perform have asserted that he was Cobbold's superior—high praise indeed; but he has passed from amongst us.

We can recollect a very amusing incident in connection with E. H. Parry. A year or two back Parry was playing at Sandhurst against the Cadets, and ventured to express an opinion on some point of the game, which differed from that of the Sandhurst captain, who, brimming over with the importance of some twenty summers, asked the Carthusian what he knew about the game, and what club of note he had ever represented that he should dare to dispute the opinion of such an excellent exponent of the game as himself. His face somewhat fell on the Carthusian quietly and demurely announcing that he had on several occasions represented the

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mother-country! We may add, in justice to the cadet, that he had the good sense to apologise.

Of present Carthusian footballers the names of G. O. Smith and Wreford-Brown are best known, and they have both brought credit to their old School and themselves by gaining their international caps.

As a proof of what a good show Old Carthusians make on the football-fields of the Universities, we may mention the following fact. A few years back—it was, we believe, in 1890—the winning College team at Oxford contained seven Old Carthusians, while the writer played in a College team at Cambridge which contained six: needless to say it was a strong side! This year, too, in the Oxford University Eleven—one of the most successful University teams for some time past—there were four Carthusians, one of whom has been selected to captain the team next season.

We have said enough perhaps to show that the School at Godalming has every right to pride itself on the reputation it has won in connection with our great winter game, and we will now turn to its more scientific rival, cricket.

Charterhouse cricket records, alas, do not

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present a long list of successes or a long series of achievements; and as in reviewing the football at the School we endeavoured to find causes for its success, so in dealing with cricket we will try to adduce some plausible reasons for its comparative failure—for, when compared with football, Charterhouse cricket must be pronounced a failure. We said that the sandy and quickly drying soil on the Charterhouse hill was admirably suited to football: it is equally unsuitable for cricket; in fact, in the early days of the School at Godalming the wickets were of the worst, and the stories of broken knuckles and loosened front teeth are amply sufficient to account for the poorness of the cricket on some occasions. These defects have been remedied, and of recent years the excellence of the ground has been such that the completion of a one-day match was extremely problematical, as the side that won the toss usually occupied the wickets for the major portion of the day.

The space, too, for many years was very limited; so much so that certainly not more than one quarter of the School could play at once—a most unsatisfactory state of affairs, and one calculated to discourage any youngster of an energetic frame

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of mind. This too is a thing of the past, and in the new ground Charterhouse possesses as fine a field as the most exacting could desire. This ground was bought in 1890, the purchase money, £4000, being granted by the governing body, while the amount necessary for levelling and turfing was raised by subscriptions amongst Old Carthusians, Masters, and those interested in the School, and the appeal was most liberally responded to, the large sum of £2000 being raised in an amazingly short space of time. £250 was presented by the Old Carthusian Cricket and Football Clubs to defray the cost of building a suitable pavilion, and now this fine cricket-ground can accommodate at least ten games, besides innumerable nets for practice; and Carthusians one and all owe an immense debt of gratitude to those who organised the movement and carried it into effect so expeditiously and so efficiently.

But there is another cause which, in our opinion, has been and is now most seriously prejudicial to Charterhouse cricket attaining a high standard of excellence. We allude to the absence of any really good coaching. We do not for a moment mean to cast any reflection on the various pro-

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fessionals who have from time to time been intrusted with the management of the ground and the coaching of the Eleven—or we should say the first three Elevens—but we maintain that it is quite exceptional for a professional to be a really good coach, and even if he be so, he manifestly cannot have the same influence over the boys under him as a gentleman would have. It is not in his power, as a rule, to put a stop to careless play, to say firmly to a youngster, "You are playing carelessly, you had better stop," or the like: his tips at the end of the term would probably suffer, or at any rate he would fear to give offence. Look, for instance, at the cricket records of Eton and Harrow. There the coaching is entirely done by amateurs, either masters or old boys, who have made themselves names on the cricket-field, and the results speak for themselves. Hardly a year passes without several members of the rival Universities' Cricket Elevens hailing from one or the other of these two schools.

We do not mean to say that professional coaches have not obtained excellent results at Public Schools; such a statement would be unjust and untrue, and the mention of Stephenson's name

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in connection with Uppingham cricket would at once occur to any one who follows the annals of the game with even the most cursory interest; but we maintain that such results are the exception, and that, for a school to do really well and make a name in the cricket world, its eleven must as a rule have good amateur coaching.

It may be supposed from the above that Charterhouse cricket has been one long series of failures; but this is by no means the case, and in many years the School Eleven has been quite up to, and on several occasions much above, the average of Public School teams. In 1880 and the following year Charterhouse had a really fine Eleven—not a one-man team by any means, but strong all through; and for these two years they were probably the best school eleven in England. In both these years the two School matches were won with consummate ease; indeed in 1881 Westminster was defeated by an innings and 177 runs, Wellington by an innings and 167—a remarkable proof of the excellence of the team in all departments of the game. Two members of these two Elevens, C. W. Wright and C. A. Smith, gained their "blue" at Cambridge in the following year.

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The arrangements for the management of cricket are the same as for football, except that there are three Elevens, apart from the "house-clubs," instead of four.

Small boys can get occasional coaching from professionals by engaging a net beforehand, at the cost of 6d. for half-an-hour, the nets being known as "Sixpennies." There was in old days an Upper School club called "Maniacs," which has lately been resuscitated after a lapse of nearly ten years, and which now plays numerous matches both at home and in the immediate neighbourhood. In fact, there is now plenty of room and energy in the cricket line, and we hope one or two first-class players will shortly appear: not that we wish to depreciate the services and successes of those who have lately represented the School, one of whom, G. O. Smith, had a wonderful record in 1891 and 1892, as, notwithstanding the responsibilities of captaining the team, he had the splendid average of 40 for two successive seasons. We hope to see him representing his University shortly, and so gaining his double blue, a feat we believe only three or four Carthusians have ever accom-

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plished; indeed, we regret to say Charterhouse has had only seven cricket "blues," compared with some thirty odd football "blues."

Of course the Westminster match is the great event of the season in cricket, as in football, though we fear Westminster cricket is not in the ascendant, and for the last ten years they have been only once successful. The Wellington matches have produced far keener contests, and honours are at present fairly easy.

We can well remember a match with Wellington in which the writer had the good fortune to partake, and which produced tremendous excitement. It was in 1885, at Charterhouse. Wellington won the toss, and, taking innings, compiled the moderate score of 133. Charterhouse responded with 114; and, as the match was then limited to one day, it looked as good as over. But a cricket match is never lost till it is won, and Wellington were all dismissed for a paltry 33, leaving Charterhouse 53 to get to win, and only 25 minutes in which to get them. The Wellington team took the field punctually, under their sportsmanlike captain Prince Christian, and amid a scene of wild enthusiasm the runs were hit off with three

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minutes to spare. The two successful batsmen —Hawkins and Wreford-Brown—were carried in triumph to the pavilion, and we can confidently assert that if both live to be a hundred they will never forget the occasion and the part they played in it.

It is difficult to conceive a more pleasant spot than the "Upper Green," or First Eleven cricket-ground, on a bright summer's day; and now that the turf is in such excellent order it leaves little to be desired, except, perhaps, that the pavilion is too far from the scene of action: it is a dreadful ordeal to walk some two hundred yards and return the same distance with the unenviable "duck's egg" affixed to one's name; besides which, the view of the play is very imperfect even from the pavilion gallery. There are both "house" and "house-club" matches at cricket just as at football, the former having been revived after an interval of some years.

We will conclude by appending a few of the most remarkable performances accomplished by Carthusians in the two annual matches with Westminster and Wellington.

First, against Westminster:—

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In 1875 H. H. Dobbie took 4 wickets for 4 runs.
In 1876 R. Wood took 7 wickets for 8 runs.
In 1878 C. E. Keith Falconer made 103 runs.
In 1883 G. A. Coulby made 144, not out.
In 1888 E. C. Streatfeild took 17 wickets for 67 runs.
In 1892 G. O. Smith made 229 runs.

Then against Wellington :—

In 1880 C. A. Smith took 6 wickets for 12 runs.
In 1888 E. C. Streatfeild took 7 wickets for 11 runs.
In 1892 G. O. Smith made 109 runs.

These two matches used to be only one-day games; but they are now fortunately of two days' duration, which obviates the uncertain and unsatisfactory nature of a one-day's contest.

Athletics in the general sense of the word naturally include many manly exercises and sports; but we now intend to deal shortly with athletics at Charterhouse in the more restricted sense of the word.

There is no cinder-track at Charterhouse, nor any artificial aids to quick times or record breaking of any sort; yet we have turned out some capital performers, especially of late years. The annual "Sports' Day" is a great occasion, and usually falls about the first week in April, and is also frequently the signal for a blizzard or a hurri-

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cane, or some such effort of the elements to spoil a most enjoyable day; and when it does blow, Charterhouse catches it, and no mistake. But given a fine day, and the scene is most animated and lively. Cousins, sisters, parents, and every sort of friend and relation flock to see the fun, or "patronise the meeting," as the sporting papers would prefer it. The arrangements are generally excellent, and improvements are introduced every year. The preliminary heats have all been decided, and a long time they take: fancy a sack race with over two hundred entries! What matter if "level time" is not attained to in the hundred or the hurdles; if no one can long jump twenty feet, still every one is prepared to enjoy themselves, and do it too. And then the prize-giving in the Great Hall, and the deafening applause accorded to a popular performer—we Carthusians remember it all, and cherish it with the fondest recollections.

But although, as we said before, athletic sports are not made a business of at Charterhouse, the School has produced many most capable athletes, and we lately had the honour of providing Oxford with her athletic president in the person of

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Ramsbotham, who proved himself a most capable and consistent performer at the hundred yards and quarter mile, while a contemporary and schoolfellow of his, Crossman, was very little his inferior. But to go back further, we sent a very speedy quarter-miler up to Oxford in the person of E. F. Growse, who in the ordinary course of events would have placed that event to the credit of his University in the 'Varsity Sports, but, as ill luck would have it, he had on each occasion when he competed, to meet a phenomenal runner in Macaulay, and found in him his master.

It would be tedious to enumerate all those who have done credit to their old School on the running-path; but the following come to mind as having been recently before the public. H. A. Munro, one of the best long distance runners of the day, who won the School mile in 1883 and 1884. The mile race, by-the-bye, is decided before the "Sports' Day," and is run on an admirably flat piece of road in the vicinity. Andrews and Gardiner, high jumpers; Wilkinson and Bowlby, hurdlers, the latter of whom was president of the Oxford University Athletic Club;

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Attlee, a fair "sprinter"; and Fitz-Herbert, a promising quarter-miler. This list is not meant to be exhaustive, but is merely from memory, as a proof that Carthusians have not been idle in this branch of sport.

A great improvement has been introduced of late years as regards the steeple-chase. This race was formerly held on the "Sports' Day," and decided over a miserably artificial course round "Upper Green," the chief feature of which was an utterly impossible water-jump some fifteen feet broad with a hurdle on the take-off side. Now it is decided in the water-meadows below, which offer a splendid natural course, heavy enough in all conscience to afford a thorough test of stamina and staying-powers, and with many excellent jumps of various descriptions. The start is very pretty, as the entry is usually considerable; and, as most of the competitors sport spotless white, the long line at the starting-post is most imposing: at the finish their own mothers would scarcely recognise the majority of them. There is a Challenge Cup for the most successful performer in the School sports, success being gauged by marks given for places in the various events.

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Rackets.

Next to cricket and football, in our opinion, comes the game of rackets, which is now played at almost all our great schools. For many years Charterhouse played a most obscure part in the Annual Competition amongst the Public Schools, which was held for many years at Princes Club, one year (1887) at Lords, and since then at Queen's Club. The Racket Courts at Charterhouse were built about the year 1878, and at a large cost. Yet for many years the Charterhouse representatives utterly failed to make even a decent show, seldom surviving even the first round. The reason is easy to give. There were scarcely any Old Carthusians to play matches against the School; and as there was no Master at the School who had played a leading part in the annals of the game, foreign matches were few and far between. Now, match practice is indispensable at rackets, as indeed at all games, but perhaps even more at rackets than at most others, as nervousness and a bad start as a consequence is quite enough to make a good pair go all to pieces. It was so with Charterhouse; their

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pair were usually strangers to the court and surroundings, had little confidence in one another, and therefore came to grief, despite the fact that all the time there was a most capable coach at the School, and several Masters who took a great interest in the game.

All this has been changed by the advent of a Master whose skill at the game is only equalled by his enthusiasm and patriotism, as all those who have represented Charterhouse at rackets since 1887 will readily testify. In 1887 Charterhouse did really well, and, though beaten in the final, made an excellent show. In the following year they actually succeeded in winning the Cup for the first time, and breaking into a long list of Harrovian successes. The event was hailed with unbounded enthusiasm at Godalming, and the two successful representatives will never forget the welcome they received on their return to the School; how they were drawn up the hill and round the School buildings by their excited schoolfellows, feeling immensely proud, but intensely uncomfortable, at such a novel experience; or the scene in the Great Hall in the evening, when the sight of the Cup on the stage was the

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signal for uproarious applause, which even the august presence of the Head Master found itself unable to check for some minutes.

Yes, it was a proud moment when the Racket Cup was first brought to Charterhouse; and since that year the School pair have invariably showed up well, having contested the final four times, including last year, when they again brought the much-coveted trophy home to Godalming.

We think these facts exactly bear out what we have said about Charterhouse cricket, namely, that to excel at a game boys want good amateur coaching; and although we do not wish for one moment to detract from the credit due to Walter Gray, who has for years devoted himself heart and soul to his work at Charterhouse, and whose invariable keenness and good nature have won him hosts of fast friends, still we cannot help dating the marked improvement in Charterhouse rackets from the day when the present amateur champion took up his residence there.

Since writing the above, Charterhouse rackets have again been crowned with success; Garnett and Pennell for the second year in succession having won the Cup for their School—all honour

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to them; they deserve the heartiest congratulations of all Carthusians.

There are two courts at Charterhouse, both, of course, under the same roof, and both excellently good—neither too fast nor too slow—and, as mentioned before, the cost of their construction was defrayed by the profits of the School "Grub-shop"; abutting on them are six Squash Racket Courts, which are seldom vacant, and which form an excellent training ground for future racket players. Inside the Racket Courts, and above the gallery, are two scrolls of fame: on one are inscribed the winning house-pairs of each year; on the other, the name of the winner of the School "singles," who has a presumptive right to represent the School in the Public School ties—his partner, however, being a matter of selection.

There are, too, eleven excellent Fives Courts at Charterhouse, and a Challenge Cup for the winning house-pair, and the courts are generally busily occupied the whole afternoon in the two winter terms. Alongside them will be found three Lawn-tennis Courts; but, as we entirely disapprove of the game at a school, we will merely mention the fact.

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There was once a Challenge Cup for the winning house-pair—this is an age of pot-hunting—but this Cup has since been consecrated to a more worthy object, and is now given to the most successful athlete in the second class, *i.e.*, under sixteen. In our humble opinion, any one who would bring a trainful of navvies by night and root up these three courts would be doing a most useful action to the School, and one which would win him the esteem and goodwill of the majority of Old Carthusians.

Before taking leave of the subject of athletics at Charterhouse, there is another branch of recreation which we would fain mention, chiefly owing to the signal success which the School has achieved in it. We allude to rifle-shooting. Whether this should or should not be strictly regarded as within the scope of an article such as this we do not presume to decide; but a natural feeling of pride prompts us to give a few details of the success which has marked the progress of the Charterhouse Volunteer Corps. Though we never ourselves felt drawn to "enlist" or submit to the somewhat arduous drill which is necessary to ensure efficiency, yet we most cordially disagree

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with those who make it their business to "run down" volunteering.

As in rackets, so in shooting and volunteering, the School owes its undoubted success to the unflagging zeal and energy of an old Carthusian Master, and one too who gained great distinction on the football-field, and who still keeps up the keenest interest in the game.

It was in 1882 that the Ashburton Shield was first brought home to Charterhouse, amid a scene of indescribable excitement, which was repeated when in the following year the trophy was once more housed in the Charterhouse Library; and, although the School failed to win the coveted prize for several years after this, their representative succeeded in carrying off the Spencer Cup in 1885. 1889 was the last year at Wimbledon, and the School accomplished a magnificent performance, winning the Shield for the third time, with the record score of 459. In the following year Charterhouse again won very easily, and repeated their success in the two following years, thus actually securing the Shield four times consecutively, a performance which we need scarcely say has no parallel in the history of the com-

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petition, and which will probably never be repeated. These facts are an eloquent testimony to the efficiency of the corps; and, though we may be considered to have introduced a subject which did not rightly come within the term "athletics," we hope to find a satisfactory excuse in the pardonable feeling of pride produced by such a grand list of successes.

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APPENDIX

Priors of Charterhouse Monastery.

1378. John Lustote.
1444. John ...
1472. Richard Boston.
1491. Richard Roche.
1499. William Tynbygh.
1530. John Houghton.
1537. William Trafford, the last Prior.

The Masters of the Charterhouse since its Foundation.

1614. Andrew Perne, A.M.
1615. Peter Hooker, B.D.
1617. F. Beaumont, Esq.
1624. Sir R. Dallington, A.M.
1637. George Garrard, M.A.
1650. Edward Cressett, Esq.
1660. Sir Ralph Sydenham.
1671. Martyn Clifford, Esq.
1677. William Erskine, Esq.
1685. Thomas Burnet, Esq., M.A.
1715. John King, D.D.
1737. Nicholas Mann, Esq.
1753. Philip Bearcroft, D.D.
1761. Samuel Salter, D.D.

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1778. William Ramsden, D.D.
1804. Philip Fisher, D.D.
1842. Archdeacon Hale, M.A.
1871. George Currey, D.D.
1885. Canon R. Elwyn, M.A.

NAMES OF SOME OF THE HEAD MASTERS OF THE CHARTERHOUSE.

1614. Nicholas Grey, Esq.
1624. Robert Grey, Esq.
1626. W. Middleton, Esq., M.A.
1628. R. Brooke, Esq.
1643. S. Wilson, Esq.
1651. J. Bondey, Esq.
1654. Norris Wood, Esq.
1662. Thomas Watson, Esq.
1679. Dr. J. Walker, LL.D.
1728. A. Tooke, Esq., M.A.
1731. J. Hotchkis, Esq.
1748. Dr. L. Crusius, D.D.
1769. Dr. S. Berdmore, D.D.
1791. Dr. M. Raine, D.D.
1811. Dr. J. Russell, D.D.
1832. Dr. A. P. Saunders, D.D., F.R.S.
1853. Dr. Edward Elder, D.D.
1858. Rev. R. Elwyn, M.A.
1863. Dr. Haig Brown, D.D.

THE GOVERNORS OF THE CHARTERHOUSE IN 1677.

1. The Archbishop of Canterbury.
2. Lord Chancellor of England.
3. Duke of Buckingham.
4. Duke of Monmouth.

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5. Duke of Ormond.
6. Lord Chamberlain.
7. Lord Treasurer.
8. Earl of Bridgwater.
9. Earl of Craven.
10. Earl of Shaftesbury.
11. The Bishop of Winchester.
12. The Bishop of Rochester.
13. Lord Robarts.
14. Mr. Secretary Coventry.
15. Sir W. Wild.
16. Martyn Clifford, Esq.

GOVERNORS OF THE CHARTERHOUSE IN 1847.

The Queen.
The Queen Dowager.
The Prince Albert.
Archbishop of Canterbury.
Lord Chancellor.
Archbishop of York.
Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry.
Duke of Wellington.
Earl of Devon.
Earl of Liverpool.
Earl of Harrowby.
Earl Howe.
Earl of Ripon.
Viscount Melbourne.
Bishop of London.
Lord Lyndhurst.
Lord John Russell.
Sir Robert Peel, Bart.
The Master, Archdeacon Hale, B.D.

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BUILDINGS

Entrance Court

is the first court which confronts the visitor on emerging from the archway of Porter's lodge in Charterhouse Square. There is nothing very remarkable about this archway, which is neither extraordinarily lofty nor extraordinarily broad. There is an old-fashioned sonorous bell at the side, and the Porter's room is a comfortable little den. To the right of the lodge, as you enter the archway from the Square, there extends for a few yards an old, flinty, and blackened wall. When once you are inside the court, the Master's lodge lies on the right. It is approached from under a small archway by a short narrow vestibule. The Master's lodge is naturally an old house, and, like the majority of old houses of quondam importance, possesses admirable rooms, albeit a trifle sombre-looking, and low in the ceiling. It is a house, however, of infinite associations. If we reflect upon what must have been the lives of its various occupants, the former Masters, as well as upon their probable multiform business transactions, so to speak, with the contemporaneous Governors of the School, its past history would no doubt fill a large-sized book in itself. In fact it is doubtful whether London at the present moment can show many such memorable houses as this. It is replete with historical doings. Many are the old pictures which cover its walls. Connoisseurs no doubt can assign them their proper places as works of

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art. Of course they are for the most part portraits, portraits of sundry shapes and sizes. Let us name some of them :—

King Charles II.
George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.
Earl of Shaftesbury.
First Earl of Shrewsbury.
Duke of Monmouth.
Sheldon, Archbishop of Canterbury.
Dr. Thomas Burnet, Master of the Charterhouse.
William, Earl of Craven.
Thomas Sutton, the Founder.
John Robinson, D.D., Dean of Windsor.
Dr. E. Gibson, Bishop of London, 1723.
Lord Somers.
Earl of Wilmington (Spencer Compton).
John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham.
Benjamin Lancy, D.D., Bishop of Ely.
George Morley, D.D., Bishop of Winchester.
Humphrey Henchman, Bishop of London.
Daniel Wray, Esq.

WASH HOUSE COURT

is a small dingy court beyond the Entrance Court, on the right. This is believed to be the most genuine portion remaining of the ancient Carthusian Monastery. From its name it is supposed to have contained all the menial offices of the monastic establishment. It bears every sign of vast antiquity — flinty, jagged, smoke-begrimed walls — small, irregular, dilapidated windows. The Manciple had his offices in a portion of it. It was altogether a remarkably quaint little court.

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PREACHER'S COURT

opens out from the narrow drive into a large quadrangle. It was mainly of gravel; but on the eastern side of it stretched a pretty grass and flower plot. Near it stood, like a tutelar deity, the Charterhouse pump, frequently carefully swathed in straw. The quadrangle possessed a cloistered way on the east and north. The Preacher's house was entered from the cloisters on the eastern side. The rooms of the old Pensioners took up the greater part of the rest of the quadrangle. On the western side there was, in addition to a high blackened wall, a large house entirely devoted to the Pensioners. As you drove through Preacher's Court, you entered another quadrangle, which was covered with two admirable square pieces of grass. It also possessed rooms occupied by the Pensioners.

HEAD MASTER'S HOUSE AND SCHOLARS' COURT

was approached from under an archway to the right of the foregoing quadrangle. On the north side lay the Gownboy Matron's house, a neat, compact little building, serving both as the Matron's dwelling and the Gownboy Infirmary. The Matron's sitting-rooms were charming little rooms; while the bedrooms for the invalided Gownboys were cheerful, airy, and clean. Next to this house was an entrance through a wooden gate into Masters' Garden. Beyond the entrance stood the Head Master's house, an admirable large house with spacious rooms.

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It lay at the head of the block of buildings which comprised "Saunderites" and part of "Gownboys," and formed the eastern side of Scholars' Court. Its outlook was varied, for, being a corner house, it abutted on Scholars' Court, Masters' Garden, Under Green, Hill, and Terrace. In front of it on the north-east side, and at the foot of Terrace, was a large tree which considerably added to the picturesqueness of the house. The entrance into "Gownboys" was from Scholars' Court, through a large doorway, around which were inscribed on square blocks of stone the names of many of the old scholars.

TERRACE

was a long stone-way on the top of Saunderite "Cocks," Gownboy "Cocks," and Cloisters, leading from the Head Master's house to the building where Governors' Room lay. Partly, on its right-hand side, it looked down upon Preacher's Garden, a pretty square bit of ground lying between the Preacher's house and Cloisters. To the east of Terrace were outspread Upper Green and its surroundings.

CHAPEL

lies on the south side of Upper Green. It stood between the Reader's house and Day Boys. There was nothing remarkable about its exterior. Internally it was a small and a rather pretty kind of building. Its chief feature was Thomas Sutton's Tomb, which lay at the back of

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the Gownboy pews. As the tomb has been described in another portion of this book, it is unnecessary to remark upon it beyond repeating that it was an undeniably handsome monument. The body of the Chapel was composed of the oaken pews of the old Pensioners. At each side of the altar sat the Head Master and Second Master in isolated box-like pews. On the north of the Chapel were the seats of the "Saunderites" and "Verites," looking down upon the pews of the ladies and Matrons of the School. Prior to entering Chapel from Howard House, you passed the Chapel Cloister, containing grave-stones and mural tablets to the deceased connected with Charterhouse. On the left-hand side, about the centre of the Chapel Cloister, was the entrance to Brooke Hall, the room in which the Masters and chief officers of the establishment were in the habit of dining. Brooke Hall was called after Mr. R. Brooke, Schoolmaster, in 1628. It is said that he was dismissed for being antagonistic to the Solemn League and Covenant, and that after the Restoration he applied to be reinstated. Although his request was not granted, the Governors allowed him to have "commons," and occupy the Hall. Over the fireplace is his portrait, painted in the panel. He is drawn in the attitude of reading, and on the sides of the picture are Chaucer's words—

"And gladly would he learn and gladly teach."

Insignia of the scholastic art are scattered on the table before him. The monuments and mural tablets in Chapel and Chapel Cloister are to the following:—

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Edward Law, Lord Ellenborough.
Matthew Raine, D.D.
John Law, one of Thomas Sutton's executors.
Thomas Gatty.
Andrew Tooke, M.A.
Thomas Walker, D.D.
Henry Levett, M.D.
J. C. Pepusch, Organist.
Samuel Berdmore, 1801.
Thomas Ramsden, 1813.
James Currey, Preacher, 1823.
Augustus Nicholson Saunders, 1838.
Henry Cromwell Field, 1840.
Dr. Philip Fisher, Mary his wife, and nephew.
Edmund Conroy Fisher.
Dr. Edward Elder, Head Master.
Mrs. Jeffkins, Matron to the Foundation scholars.
Oliver Walford, Master in the School.
William Makepeace Thackeray, Old Carthusian and celebrated novelist.
John Leech, celebrated caricaturist.

GOVERNORS' ROOM

is a fine large Elizabethan room, with lattice windows looking out north and west. Its ceiling is tastefully painted with arms and crests. The walls are hung with beautiful specimens of tapestry which naturally are excessively old and dim: the historical subjects depicted are therefore scarcely decipherable. The chimneypiece is lavishly adorned. Its basement is formed by four Tuscan pillars, and in the intercolumniations are gilded shields containing pictures of Mars and Minerva. Over

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the fire-place are Faith, Hope, and Charity, on panels of gold. The next division is of four Ionic pillars, between which are arched panels with fanciful gilded ornaments. The pedestals contain paintings of the Annunciation and the Last Supper. The space between the pedestals is filled by a gold ground, on which Mr. Sutton's arms and initials have been introduced. Scrolls and cupids fill the intervals. The great centre panel is of gold, with an oval containing the arms of James I., while a carved cherub lies beneath. In this room, generally left bare of all furniture, was a movable pulpit, which served as a rostrum for the Orators.

Grand Hall

is a spacious chamber, lofty, broad, and long, and admirably fitted with three large, wide windows. At one end of the hall is an old-fashioned and handsome music gallery, while on one side runs a small gallery for spectators. In fact it is the beau-ideal of an ancient banqueting-hall. At the upper end is a portrait of Thomas Sutton, dressed in a black robe, and seated in his chair, holding in his right hand the ground plan of the Charterhouse. In the centre of the hall, beneath the small gallery, is a handsomely ornamented fire-place, with dogs, and the insignia of the Founder.

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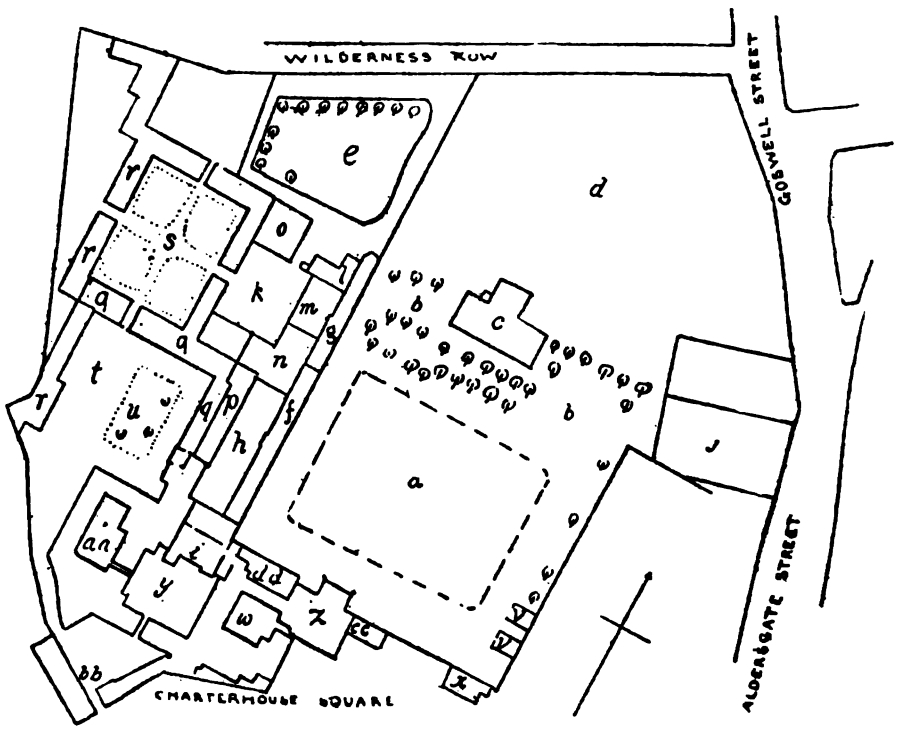

SKETCH PLAN OF THE OLD CHARTERHOUSE.

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KEY TO THE CHARTERHOUSE PLAN

a. Upper Green.
b. Hill.
c. School.
d. Under Green.
e. Masters' Garden.
f. Cloisters with Terrace on top.
g. Gownboys' and Saunderites' "Cocks."
h. Preacher's Garden.
i. Grand Hall.
j. St. Thomas's Church.
k. Scholars' Court.
l. Head Master's House.
m. Saunderites.
n. Gownboys.
o. Gownboy Matron's House.
p. Preacher's House.
q. Preacher's Cloisters.
r. Old Pensioners' Rooms.
s. Grassy Quadrangle surrounded by Pensioners' Rooms.
t. Preacher's Court.
u. Small Garden.
v. Tennis Courts.
w. Chapel Court.
x. Verites.
y. Masters' Court.
z. Chapel.
aa. Wash House Court.
bb. Gatehouse.
cc. Day Boys.
dd. Dickenites.

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SOME CHARTERHOUSE GOLD MEDALLISTS AND ORATORS.

YEAR.	GOLD MEDALLISTS.	ORATORS.
1820	William Jago.	Thomas Bonney.
1821	P. Borrett and F. G. Farre.	Charles Lushington.
1822	John G. Cole.	Charles John Boyle.
1823	J. D. Walford.	Horace Hadfield.
1824	J. A. Fulton.	S. C. J. Berdmore.
1825	John Brome.	G. T. Clare.
1826	Charles Hebert.	C. C. Lloyd.
1827	J. St. J. Yates.	C. J. Allen.
1828	H. Lushington.	C. E. Lukin.
1829	J. E. Bright.	F. B. Wells.
1830	C. J. Scratchley.	John Russell.
1831	J. W. Freese.	G. F. Noad.
1832	Gordon Whitbread.	J. E. Bode.
1833	J. E. Bode.	H. W. Phillott.
1834	G. Currey.	J. W. Corbett.
1835	G. Marshall.	A. H. Anson.
1836	G. Joynes.	H. B. Boothby.
1837	J. Marshall.	C. C. Clifford.
1838	S. R. Carter.	G. Phillimore.
1839	H. A. Box.	F. Boyd.
1840	C. G. Curtis.	G. F. Bowen.
1841	E. Walford.	H. S. Disbrowe.
1842	E. Palmer.	W. P. Hale.
1843	H. W. Fisher.	H. W. Fisher.
1844	W. G. Palgrave.	W. H. Davies.
1845	H. E. Tweed.	E. Bowen.
1846	H. W. Sotheby.	R. H. Gatty.
1847	A. J. Wallace.	W. W. M. Dewar.
1848	W. H. Stone.	C. G. Floyd.
1849	C. G. Floyd.	C. Pearson.
1850	L. Dawson Damer.	F. M. Stopford.
1851	E. H. Osborn.	L. Dawson Damer.
1852	R. Henniker.	
1853	G. J. Blore.	
1854	R. K. A. Ellis.	

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YEAR.	GOLD MEDALLISTS.	ORATORS.
1855	H. Nettleship.	C. M. Harvey.
1856	R. C. Jebb.	J. W. Churton.
1857	J. W. Churton.	J. S. Tate.
1858	R. Brodie.	R. Brodie.
1859	M. Champneys.	A. E. Seymour.
1860	B. Champneys.	G. Alcock.
1861	G. Alcock.	J. Butter.
1862	E. R. Wharton.	F. K. W. Girdlestone.
1863	C. Goldney.	C. E. Boyle.
1864	G. S. Davies.	
1865	None adjudged.	
1866	J. R. Povah.	
1867	J. A. Foote.	
1868	None adjudged.	
1869	W. H. Paulson.	
1870	H. S. King.	
1871	None adjudged.	
1872	C. G. Paget.	
1873	E. H. Parry.	
1874	A. H. Tod.	
1875	R. St. John Parry.	
1876	A. T. Roberts.	
1877	G. Searle.	

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